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No.

THE VARIORUM AND DEFINITIVE EDITION
OF THE POETICAL AND PROSE WRITINGS OF
EDWARD FITZGERALD

THE VARIORUM AND DEFINITIVE EDITION
OF THE POETICAL AND PROSE WRITINGS OF

INCLUDING A COMPLETE BIBLIOGRAPHY AND
INTERESTING PERSONAL AND LITERARY NOTES
THE WHOLE COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY
GEORGE BENTHAM
AND WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
EDMUND GOSSE

VOLUME SEVEN

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE AND COMPANY
NEW YORK, MDCCCIII

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THE MEADOWS IN SPRING.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

Sir:

These verses are something in the old style, but not the worse for that: not that I mean to call them good: but I am sure they would not have been better, if dressed up in the newest Montgomery fashion, for which I cannot say I have much love. If they are fitted for your paper, you are welcome to them. I send them to you, because I find only in your paper a love of our old literature, which is almost monstrous in the eyes of modern ladies and gentlemen. My verses are certainly not in the present fashion; but, I must own, though there may not be the same merit in the thoughts, I think the style much better: and this with no credit to myself, but to the merry old writers of more manly times.

Your humble servant,

EPSILON.

'T is a ^{dull} ~~sad~~ sight

To see the year dying,

When ^{winter winds} ~~autumn's last wind~~

Sets the yellow woods sighing:

Sighing, oh! sighing.

When such a time cometh,

I do retire

[1]

THE MEADOWS IN SPRING.

Into an old room
Beside a bright fire:
Oh, pile a bright fire!

And there I sit
Reading old things,
Of knights and ^{horn damsels} ~~ladies~~
While the wind sings—
Oh, drearily sings!

I never look out
Nor attend to the blast;
For all to be seen
Is the leaves falling fast:
Falling, falling!

But close at the hearth,
Like a cricket, sit I,
Reading of summer
And chivalry—
Gallant chivalry!

Then with an old friend
I talk of our youth—
How 't was gladsome, but often
Foolish, forsooth:
But gladsome, gladsome!

THE MEADOWS IN SPRING.

Or, to get merry
We sing ^{some} ~~an~~ old rhyme,
That made the wood ring again
In summer time—
Sweet summer time!

Then ^{go} ~~take~~ we to smoking,
Silent and snug:
Nought passes between us,
Save a brown jug—
Sometimes! ~~Sometimes!~~

And sometimes a tear
Will rise in each eye,
Seeing the two old friends
So merrily—
So merrily!

And ere ~~we~~ to bed
Go we, go we,
Down ^{on} ~~by~~ the ashes
We kneel on the knee,
Praying, ^{together} ~~praying!~~*

* In a copy found in a common-place book belonging to the late Arch-deacon Allen the following lines appear instead of this stanza:—

So winter passeth
Like a long sleep
From falling autumn
To primrose-peep.

THE MEADOWS IN SPRING.

Thus, then, live I,
Till, ^{'mid all} ~~breaking~~ the gloom,
^{By heaven!} ~~Of winter,~~ the bold sun
Is with me in the room,
Shining, shining!

Then the clouds part,
Swallows soaring between;
The spring is ^{alive} ~~awake,~~
And the meadows are green!

I jump up, like mad,
Break the old pipe in twain,
And away to the meadows,
The meadows again!

This, FitzGerald's earliest known poem, first appeared in *Hone's Year Book* for April 30, 1831, with the following letter to the Editor.

These verses are in the old style; rather homely in expression; but I honestly profess to stick more to the simplicity of the old poets than the moderns, and to love the philosophical good humour of our old writers more than the sickly melancholy of the Byronian zeits. If my verses be not good, they are good humoured, and that is something.

Charles Lamb writing to Moxon in August says—

THE MEADOWS IN SPRING.

The Athenæum has been hoaxed with some exquisite poetry, that was, two or three months ago, in *Hone's Book* . . . I do not know who wrote it; but 't is a poem **I** envy—that and Montgomery's "*Last Man*": **I** envy the writers, because **I** feel **I** could have done something like them.

[The cancelled words are from *Hone's Year Book*, the others from *The Athenæum*, where the poem appeared on July 9, 1831.]

TO A LADY SINGING.

CANST thou, my Clora, declare,
After thy sweet song dieth
Into the wild summer air,
Whither it falleth or flieth?
Soon would my answer be noted,
Wert thou but sage as sweet throated.

Melody, dying away,
Into the dark sky closes,
Like the good soul from her clay,
Like the fair odor of roses:
Therefore thou now art behind it,
But thou shalt follow, and find it.

Nothing can utterly die;
Music, aloft upspringing,
Turns to pure atoms of sky
Each golden note of thy singing:
And that to which morning did listen
At eve in a Rainbow may glisten.

Beauty, when laid in the grave,
Feedeth the lily beside her,

TO A LADY SINGING.

Therefore the soul cannot have
Station or honour denied her;
She will not better her essence,
But wear a crown in God's presence.

[The last two stanzas of this poem were sent by FitzGerald to Archdeacon Allen on Dec. 7, 1832, and were printed in the '*Letters and Literary Remains*,' London, 1889 (p. 16). The first two were not printed until Mr. W. Aldis Wright received them and the two following poems from the late Mr. Thomas Allen, and printed twenty-five copies of the three, for private distribution, in February, 1891.]

[ON ANNE ALLEN.]

I.

THE wind blew keenly from the Western sea,
And drove the dead leaves slanting from the tree—

Vanity of vanities, the Preacher saith—
Heaping them up before her Father's door
When I saw her whom I shall see no more—
We cannot bribe thee, Death.

II.

She went abroad the falling leaves among,
She saw the merry season fade, and sung
Vanity of vanities, the Preacher saith—
Freely she wandered in the leafless wood,
And said that all was fresh, and fair, and good,
She knew thee not, O Death.

III.

She bound her shining hair across her brow,
She went into the garden fading now;
Vanity of vanities, the Preacher saith—
And if one sighed to think that it was sore,
She smiled to think that it would bloom next year:
She feared thee not, O Death.

[ON ANNE ALLEN.]

IV.

Blooming she came back to the cheerful room
With all the fairer flowers yet in bloom,
Vanity of vanities, the Preacher saith—
A fragrant knot for each of us she tied,
And placed the fairest at her Father's side—
She cannot charm thee, Death.

V.

Her pleasant smile spread sunshine upon all;
We heard her sweet clear laughter in the Hall;—
Vanity of vanities, the Preacher saith—
We heard her sometimes after evening prayer,
As she went singing softly up the stair—
No voice can charm thee, Death.

VI.

Where is the pleasant smile, the laughter kind,
That made sweet music of the winter wind?
Vanity of vanities, the Preacher saith—
Idly they gaze upon her empty place,
Her kiss hath faded from her Father's face:—
She is with thee, O Death.

[Anne Allen died in the autumn of 1833, the year after FitzGerald had seen her at Tenby.]

[TO A VIOLET.]

FAIR violet! sweet saint!

Answer us—Whither art thou gone?

Ever thou wert so still, and faint,

And fearing to be look'd upon.

We cannot say that one hath died,

Who wont to live so unespied,

But crept away unto a stiller spot,

Where men may stir the grass, and find thee not.

BREDFIELD HALL.

Mr. W. Aldis Wright says, "These verses on his old home were written originally by FitzGerald as early as 1839, and communicated to Bernard Barton. They were circulated in slightly differing forms among his friends, and probably never received the final touches of his hand, but they contain what, Professor Cowell informs me, were in his own judgment the best lines he had ever written, as showing real imagination, and it seems better to print them though imperfect. In reply to an old friend who had heard some of the lines quoted and supposed them to be from Tennyson, he wrote: 'I was astonished to find I had three sheets to fold up; and now one half "cheer" more, only to prevent you wasting any more trouble in looking through Tennyson for those verses—I myself having been puzzled at first to what you alluded by that single line. No: I wrote them along with many others about my old home more than forty years ago, and they recur to me also as I wander about the Garden or the Lawn. Therefore I suppose there is some native force about them, though your referring them to A. T. proves that I was echoing him.'"

[Bredfield Hall was FitzGerald's birthplace, and only about two miles distant from his house, "Little Grange."]

Lo, an English mansion founded
In the elder James's reign,

BREDFIELD HALL.

Quaint and stately, and surrounded
With a pastoral domain.
With well-timber'd lawn and gardens
And with many a pleasant mead,
Skirted by the lofty coverts
Where the hare and pheasant feed.

Flank'd it is with goodly stables,
Shelter'd by coeval trees:
So it lifts its honest gables
Toward the distant German seas;
Where it once discern'd the smoke
Of old sea-battles far away:
Saw victorious Nelson's topmasts
Anchoring in Hollesley Bay.

But whatever storm might riot,
Cannon roar, and trumpet ring,
Still amid these meadows quiet
Did the yearly violet spring;
Still Heaven's starry hand suspended
That light balance of the dew,
That each night on earth descended,
And each morning rose anew.

And the ancient house stood rearing
Undisturb'd her chimneys high,

BREDFIELD HALL.

And her gilded vanes still veering
Toward each quarter of the sky:
While like wave to wave succeeding
Through the world of joy and strife,
Household after household speeding
Handed on the torch of life.

First, sir Knight in ruff and doublet,
Arm in arm with stately dame;
Then the Cavaliers indignant
For their Monarch brought to shame:
Languid beauties limn'd by Lely;
Full-wigg'd Justice of Queen Anne:
Tory squires who tipp'd freely;
And the modern Gentleman:

Here they lived, and here they greeted,
Maids and matrons, sons and sires,
Wandering in its walks, or seated
Round its hospitable fires:
Oft their silken dresses floated
Gleaming through the pleasure ground:
Oft dash'd by the scarlet-coated
Hunter, horse, and dappled hound.

Till the Bell that not in vain
Had summon'd them to weekly prayer,

BREDFIELD HALL.

Call'd them one by one again
To the church—and left them there!
They with all their loves and passions,
Compliment, and song, and jest,
Politics, and sports, and fashions,
Merged in everlasting rest!

So they pass—while thou, old Mansion,
Markest with unalter'd face
How like the foliage of thy summers
Race of man succeeds to race.
To most thou stand'st a record sad,
But all the sunshine of the year
Could not make thine aspect glad
To one whose youth is buried here.

In thine ancient rooms and gardens
Buried—and his own no more
Than the youth of those old owners,
Dead two centuries before.
Unto him the fields around thee
Darken with the days gone by;
O'er the solemn woods that bound thee
Ancient sunsets seem to die.

Sighs the selfsame breeze of morning
Through the eypress as of old;

BREDFIELD HALL.

Ever at the Spring's returning
One same crocus breaks the mould.
Still though 'scaping Time's more savage
Handywork this pile appears,
It has not escaped the ravage
Of the undermining years.

And though each succeeding master,
Grumbling at the cost to pay,
Did with coat of paint and plaster
Hide the wrinkles of decay;
Yet the secret worm ne'er ceases,
Nor the mouse behind the wall;
Heart of oak will come to pieces,
And farewell to Bredfield Hall.

[Printed and circulated among his friends in 1839.]

CHRONOMOROS.

In all the actions that a Man performs, some part of his life passeth. We die with doing that, for which only our sliding life was granted. Nay, though we do nothing, Time keeps his constant pace, and flies as fast in idleness, as in employment. Whether we play or labour, or sleep, or dance, or study, THE SUNNE POSTETH, AND THE SAND RUNNES.—OWEN FELLTHAM.

WEARIED with hearing folks cry,
That Time would incessantly fly,
Said I to myself, “ I don’t see
Why Time should not wait upon me;
I will not be carried away,
Whether I like it, or nay: ”—
But ere I go on with my strain,
Pray turn me that hour-glass again!
I said, “ I will read, and will write,
And labour all day, and all night,
And Time will so heavily load,
That he cannot but wait on the road; ”—
But I found, that, balloon-like in size,
The more fill’d, the faster he flies;
And I could not the trial maintain,
Without turning the hour-glass again!

CHRONOMOROS.

Then said I, “ If Time has so flown
When laden, I ’ll leave him alone;
And I think that he cannot but stay,
When he ’s nothing to carry away! ”
So I sat, folding my hands,
Watching the mystical sands,
As they fell, grain after grain,
Till I turn’d up the hour-glass again!

Then I cried, in a rage, “ Time *shall* stand! ”
The hour-glass I smash’d with my hand,
My watch into atoms I broke
And the sun-dial hid with a cloak!
“ Now,” I shouted aloud, “ Time is done! ”
When suddenly, down went the Sun;
And I found to my cost and my pain,
I might buy a new hour-glass again!

Whether we wake, or we sleep,
Whether we carol, or weep,
The Sun, with his Planets in chime,
Marketh the going of Time;
But Time, in a still better trim,
Marketh the going of him:
One link in an infinite chain,
Is this turning the hour-glass again!

CHRONOMOROS.

The robes of the Day and the Night,
Are not wove of mere darkness and light;
We read that, at Joshua's will,
The Sun for a Time once stood still!
So that Time by his measure to try,
Is *Petitio Principii*!
Time's Seythe is going amain,
Though he turn not his hour-glass again!

And yet, after all, what is 'Time?
Renowned in Reason, and Rhyme,
A Phantom, a Name, a Notion,
That measures Duration or Motion?
Or but an apt term in the lease
Of Beings, who know they must cease?
The hand utters more than the brain,
When turning the hour-glass again!

The King in a carriage may ride,
And the Beggar may crawl at his side;
But, in the general race,
They are travelling all the same paece,
And houses, and trees, and high-way,
Are in the same gallop as they:
We mark our steps in the train,
When turning the hour-glass again!

CHRONOMOROS.

People complain, with a sigh,
How terribly Chroniclers lie;
But there is one pretty right,
Heard in the dead of the night,
Calling aloud to the people,
Out of St. Dunstan's Steeple,
Telling them under the vane,
To turn their hour-glasses again!

MORAL.

Masters! we live here for ever,
Like so many fish in a river;
We may mope, tumble, or glide,
And eat one another beside;
But, whithersoever we go,
The River will flow, flow, flow!
And now, that I 've ended my strain,
Pray turn me that hour-glass again!

[Printed in *Fulcher's Poetical Miscellany*, published by G. W. Fulcher, Sudbury, and Suttaby & Co., London, 1841.]

PROLOGUE.

*Spoken by E. W. Clarke at some private Theatricals
in Downing College, Cambridge. Mrs. Siddons look-
ing on.*

WHEN dirty Jacobs, thirty years of age,
With greasy gladness trod the early stage,
Astonished Gurlow caught the grace he bore,
And so transplanted it to Albion's shore:
Charmed the fair daughters of our sunny isle
With Sorrow's tear and Joy's Celestial smile.
As dirty Jacobs wreath'd his laurell'd brow,
So we presume upon your patience now.
When moral James gave way to thumbless Shoots:
When gory Pritchard seiz'd the proffered boots;
When Berdmore bawl'd his sacrilegious verse,
And heedless Phipps upset his Uncle's hearse:
With hiccupped murmurs see their spirits rise,
In fleecy sinews mellowing the skies.
And can they die? Ah no! their transient sway
Still glimmers through the mist of Freedom's day:
The sword revengeful severs and forgets,
And murderer's wrongs are fresh in female threats.
He spits! he bleeds! with anguish slaked he reels!

PROLOGUE.

May Fortune's adverse whirlwind blast his heels!
May the same fire that prompted Isaac Huggans
To kill his wife, and then to eat his young ones,
Purge the dark brotherhood with sorrow's fill—
The dastard fiends that wrought a woman ill.
Pardon expression, gentles—Time may bring
Her calmer hour on circumambient wing:
Fair gales may blow again; but if they slight ye,
Then seek the advised track *Fallentis Vitæ*,
And then *in rure* manifestly *beato*
Cull the fair rose, and dig the brown potatoe:
Or watch at eve beneath the favourite tree
The wily worm, or more industrious bee:
And if on loftier themes you 're bent than this,
The beetle's silken metamorphosis—
Joys by which fond simplicity and Truth
Amuse the elder and excite the youth.
Here in your lone retreat with wife and daughter,
Cold loin of mutton and your rum and water,
When conversation deadens, and the mind
Unconscious casts one fleeting look behind,
Remember Jacobs—and 'mid seas of strife,
Be he the beacon of your future life:
And if a second could increase your hope,
Behold in me an enemy to soap.

E. W. C.

PROLOGUE.

There, Pollock, don't you think I'm a gentleman? Did you expect such treatment from me? Luckily for you, my farming is a good deal hindered by these demnition snows and frosts; in fact, we can only thresh in the barn, and hedge and ditch a little—all which, you know, when you have set your men to work, requires but little supervision—so that I have time on my hands to write out Prologues.

Boulge Hall, Feb. 10, '41.

[FitzGerald to W. F. Pollock.]

FROM PETRARCH.

(Se la mia vita dall' aspro tormento.)

IF it be destined that my Life, from thine
Divided, yet with thine shall linger on
Till, in the later twilight of Deeline,
I may behold those Eyes, their lustre gone;
When the gold tresses that enrich thy brow
Shall all be faded into silver-gray,
From which the wreaths that well bedeck them now
For many a Summer shall have fall'n away:
Then should I dare to whisper in your ears
The pent-up Passion of so long ago,
That Love which hath survived the wreck of years
Hath little else to pray for, or bestow,
Thou wilt not to the broken heart deny
The boon of one too-late relenting Sigh.

THE TWO GENERALS.

I.

LUCIUS ÆMILIUS PAULLUS.

His Speech to the Roman People after his Triumph over Perseus, King of Macedonia, u. c. 585. Livy, xlv. 41. (And unfaithful to the few and simple words recorded in the Original.)

WITH what success, Quirites, I have served
The Commonwealth, and, in the very hour
Of Glory, what a double Thunderbolt
From Heav'n has struck upon my private roof,
Rome needs not to be told, who lately saw
So close together treading through her streets
My Triumph and the Funeral of my Sons.
Yet bear with me while, in a few brief words,
And uninvincible spirit, I compare
Beside the fulness of the general Joy
My single Destitution.

When the time
For leaving Italy was come, the Ships
With all their Armament, and men complete,
As the Sun rose I left Brundisium:

THE TWO GENERALS.

With all my Ships before that Sun was down
I made Coreyra: thence, within five days
To Delphi: where, Lustration to the God
Made for myself, the Army, and the Fleet,
In five days more I reach'd the Roman Camp;
Took the Command; redress'd what was amiss:
And, for King Perseus would not forth to fight,
And, for his Camp's strength, forth could not be forced,
I slipp'd beside him through the Mountain-pass
To Pydna: whither when himself forced back,
And fight he must, I fought, I routed him:
And all the War that, swelling for four years,
Consul to Consul handed over worse
Than from his Predecessor he took up,
In fifteen days victoriously I closed.
Nor stay'd my Fortune here. Upon Success
Success came rolling: with their Army lost,
The Macedonian Cities all gave in;
Into my hands the Royal Treasure then—
And, by and by, the King's self and his Sons,
As by the very finger of the Gods
Betray'd, whose Temple they had fled to—fell.
And now my swollen Fortune to myself
Became suspicious: I began to dread
The seas that were to carry such a freight
Of Conquest, and of Conquerors. But when

THE TWO GENERALS.

With all-propitious Wind and Wave we reach'd
Italian Earth again, and all was done
That was to be, and nothing furthermore
To deprecate or pray for—still I pray'd;
That, whereas human Fortune, having touch'd
The destined height it may not rise beyond,
Forthwith begins as fatal a decline,
Its Fall might but myself and mine involve,
Swerving beside my Country. Be it so!
By my sole sacrifice may jealous Fate
Absolve the Public; and by such a Triumph
As, in derision of all Human Glory,
Began and closed with those two Funerals.
Yes, at that hour were Perseus and myself
Together two notorious monuments
Standing of Human Instability:
He that was late so absolute a King,
Now Bondsman, and his Sons along with him
Still living Trophies of my Conquest led;
While I, the Conqueror, scarce had turn'd my face
From one still unextinguish'd Funeral,
And from my Triumph to the Capitol
Return—return to close the dying Eyes
Of the last Son I yet might call my own,
Last of all those who should have borne my name
To after Ages down. For ev'n as one

THE TWO GENERALS.

Presuming on a rich Posterity,
And blind to Fate, my two surviving Sons
Into two noble Families of Rome
I had adopted—
And Paullus is the last of all his Name.

II.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

Writing home after the Battle of Meanee.

(See his Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 429.)

[LEAVING the Battle to be fought again
Over the wine with all our friends at home,
I needs must tell, before my letter close,
Of one result that you will like to hear.]

The Officers who under my command
Headed and led the British Troops engaged
In this last Battle that decides the War,
Resolved to celebrate the Victory
With those substantial Honours that, you know,
So much good English work begins and ends with.
Resolved by one and all, the day was named;
One mighty Tent, with ‘room and verge enough’
To hold us all, of many Tents made up
Under the very walls of Hydrabad,

THE TWO GENERALS.

And then and there were they to do me honour.
Some of them grizzled Veterans like myself:
Some scoreht with Indian Sun and Service; some
With unrecover'd wound or sickness pale;
And some upon whose boyish cheek the rose
They brought with them from England scarce had faded.
Imagine these in all varieties
Of Uniform, Horse, Foot, Artillery,
Ranged down the gaily decorated Tent,
Each with an Indian servant at his back,
Whose dusky feature, Oriental garb,
And still, but supple, posture of respect
Served as a foil of contrast to the lines
Of animated English Officers.
Over our heads our own victorious Colours
Festoon'd with those wrencht from the Indian hung,
While through the openings of the tent were seen
Darkling the castle walls of Hyderabad;
And, further yet, the monumental Towers
Of the Kalloras and Talpoors; and yet
Beyond, and last,— the Field of Meancee.
Yes, there in Triumph as upon the tombs
Of two extinguish'd Dynasties we sate,
Beside the field of blood we quench'd them in.
And I, chief Actor in that Scene of Death,
And foremost in the passing Triumph—I,

THE TWO GENERALS.

Veteran in Service as in years, though now
First call'd to play the General—I myself
So swiftly disappearing from the stage
Of all this world's transaction!—As I sate,
My thoughts reverted to that setting Sun
That was to rise on our victorious march;
When from a hillock by my tent alone
I look'd down over twenty thousand Men
Husht in the field before me, like a Fire
Prepared, and waiting but my breath to blaze.
And now, methought, the Work is done; is done,
And well; for those who died, and those who live
To celebrate our common Glory, well;
And, looking round, I whisper'd to myself—
“ These are my Children—these whom I have led
Safe through the Vale of Death to Victory,
And in a righteous cause; righteous, I say,
As for our Country's welfare, so for this,
Where from henceforth Peace, Order, Industry,
Blasted and trampled under heretofore
By every lawless Ruffian of the Soil,
Shall now strike root, and—” I was running on
With all that was to be, when suddenly
My Name was call'd; the glass was fill'd; all rose;
And, as they pledged me cheer on cheer, the Cannon
Roar'd it abroad, with each successive burst

THE TWO GENERALS.

Of Thunder lighting up the banks now dark
Of Indus, which at Inundation-height,
Beside the Tent we revell'd in roll'd down
Audibly growling—" But a hand-breadth higher,
And whose the Land you boast as all your own! "

A PARAPHRASE OF THE SPEECH OF
PAULLUS ÆMILIUS, IN LIVY,

LIB. XLV. C. 41.

“How prosperously I have served the State,
And how in the Midsummer of Success
A double Thunderbolt from heav’n has struck
On mine own roof, Rome needs not to be told,
Who has so lately witness’d through her Streets,
Together, moving with unequal March,
My Triumph and the Funeral of my Sons.
Yet bear with me if in a few brief words,
And no invidious Spirit, I compare
With the full measure of the general Joy
My private Destitution. When the Fleet
Was all equipp’d, ’t was at the break of day
That I weigh’d anchor from Brundusium;
Before the day went down, with all my Ships
I made Coreyra; thence, upon the fifth,
To Delphi; where to the presiding God
A lustratory Sacrifice I made,
As for myself, so for the Fleët and Army.
Thence in five days I reach’d the Roman camp;
Took the command; re-organis’d the War;
And, for King Perseus would not forth to fight,

A PARAPHRASE OF THE SPEECH OF

And for his camp's strength could not forth be forced,
I slipped between his Outposts by the woods
At Petra, thence I follow'd him, when he
Fight me must needs, I fought and routed him,
Into the all-constraining Arms of Rome
Reduced all Macedonia.

And this grave War that, growing year by year,
Four Consuls each to each made over worse
Than from his predecessor he took up,
In fifteen days victoriously I elosed.
With that the Flood of Fortune, setting in
Roll'd wave on wave upon us. Macedon
Once fall'n, her States and Cities all gave in,
The royal Treasure dropt into my Hands;
And then the King himself, he and his Sons,
As by the finger of the Gods betray'd,
'Trapp'd in the 'Temple they took refuge in.
And now began my over-swelling Fortune
To look suspicious in mine eyes. I fear'd
The dangerous Seas that were to carry back
The fruit of such a Conquest and the Host
Whose arms had reap'd it all. My fear was vain:
The Seas were laid, the Wind was fair, we touch'd
Our own Italian Earth once more. And then
When nothing seem'd to pray for, yet I pray'd;
That because Fortune, having reach'd her height,
Forthwith begins as fatal a decline,

PAULLUS ÆMILIUS, IN LIVY.

Her fall might but involve myself alone,
And glance beside my Country. Be it so!
By my sole ruin may the jealous Gods
Absolve the Common-weal—by mine—by me,
Of whose triumphal Pomp the front and rear—
O scorn of human Glory—was begun
And closed with the dead bodies of my Sons.
Yes, I the Conqueror, and conquer'd Perseus,
Before you two notorious Monuments
Stand here of human Instability.
He that was late so absolute a King
Now, captive led before my Chariot, sees
His sons led with him captive—but alive;
While I, the Conqueror, scarce had turn'd my face
From one lost son's still smoking Funeral,
And from my Triumph to the Capitol
Return—return in time to catch the last
Sigh of the last that I might call my Son,
Last of so many Children that should bear
My name to Aftertime. For blind to Fate,
And over-affluent of Posterity,
The two surviving Seions of my Blood
I had engrafted in an alien Stock,
And now, beside myself, no one survives
Of the old House of Paullus."

[This version of the speech of Paullus Æmilius was found in a MS. book of the late Archdeacon Groome; and printed in 'Two SUFFOLK FRIENDS,' by Francis Hindes Groome, London, Blackwood, 1895.]

VIRGIL'S GARDEN.

LAI D OUT À LA DELILLE.

“There is more pleasantness in the little platform of a Garden which he gives us about the middle of this Book” (‘Georgick’ IV. 115-148) “than in all the spacious Walks and Waterfalls of Monsieur Rapin.”—Dryden; two of whose lines are here marked by inverted commas.

BUT that, my destined voyage almost done,
I think to slacken sail and shoreward run,
I would enlarge on that peculiar care
Which makes the Garden bloom, the Orchard bear,
Pampers the Melon into girth, and blows
Twice to one summer the Calabrian Rose;
Nor many a shrub with flower and berries hung,
Nor Myrtle of the seashore¹ leave unsung.

“ For where the Tower of old Tarentum stands,
And dark Galesus soaks the yellow sands,”
I mind me of an old Corycian swain,
Who from a plot of disregarded plain,

¹ *Milford says that it abounds on the coast of Calabria.*

VIRGIL'S GARDEN.

That neither Corn, nor Vine, nor Olive grew,
Yet such a store of garden-produce drew
That made him rich in heart as Kings with all
Their wealth, when he returned at even-fall,
And from the conquest of the barren ground
His table with unpurchased plenty crown'd.
For him the Rose first open'd; his, somehow,
The first ripe Apple redden'd on the bough;
Nay, even when melancholy Winter still
Congeal'd the glebe, and cheek'd the wandering rill,
The sturdy veteran might abroad be seen,
With some first slip of unexpected green,
Upbraiding Nature with her tardy Spring,
And those south winds so late upon the wing.
He sow'd the seed; and, under Sun and Shower,
Up came the Leaf, and after it the Flower,
From which no busier bees than his derived
More, or more honey for their Master hived:
Under his skilful hand no savage root
But sure to thrive with its adopted shoot;
No sapling but, transplanted, sure to grow,
Sizable standards set in even row;
Some for their annual crop of fruit, and some
For longer service in the years to come;
While his young Plane already welcome made
The guest who came to drink beneath the shade.

VIRGIL'S GARDEN.

But, by the stern conditions of my song
Compell'd to leave where I would linger long,
To other bards the Garden I resign
Who with more leisure step shall follow mine.

[First printed in *Temple Bar*, April, 1882.]

Woodbridge, June 9, '82.

. . . . And yet I will enclose some pretty *Verses*,
some twenty years old, which I sent to '*Temple Bar*,'
which paid me (as I deserved) with a dozen copies.

[FitzGerald to Professor Norton.]

WRITTEN BY PETRARCH IN HIS VIRGIL.

LAURA, illustrious in herself, and long celebrated in my verse, first dawned upon my eyes, when I was yet a youth, at the Church of St. Clara in Avignon, in the year of our Lord 1327, on the 6th of April, at daybreak. And in that same City, in that same month of April, and that same morning hour, of the year 1348, was that fairer light from the light of day withdrawn, I being then at Verona, alas! unconscious of my loss.

Her most fair and chaste body was deposited on the evening of the day of her death in the cemetery of the Minor Brothers. For her soul, I am persuaded (as Seneca was of Africanus) that it is returned to the Heaven whence it came.

I have been constrained by a kind of sad satisfaction to inscribe this memorial in a book which the most frequently comes under my eyes; to warn me there is nothing more to engross me in this world, and that, the one great tie being broken, it is time to think of quitting Babylon for ever. And this, I trust, with the Grace of God, will not be difficult to one who constantly and manfully contemplates the vain anxieties, empty hopes, and unexpected issues of his foregone life.

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE AND BALDOCK BLACK HORSE.

IN the year 1809 Percival Stockdale published two octavo volumes of antobiography, in which he called on posterity to do him the justice that had been denied him by his contemporaries. These two volumes might be met with some thirty years ago upon the bookstalls, at the price of half a crown. And they were almost worth it; telling, as they did, the story of one among so many who mistake common talent for genius, and common feeling for rare sensibility; and who, failing to convince the public of the justice of their claim, impute their ill-success to ill-luck or envy. The book is written in that exalted style of sentiment and diction not unusual at the close of last century—the “Sewardesque,” it might be called; written too when old age and infirmity, instead of abating vanity, simply made it more incapable of self-restraint. I propose to give a brief account of these Memoirs by way of introduction to one rather pleasant episode which they contain, and to which the title of this paper refers.

Percival Stockdale was born, he tells us, in the year 1736, the son of a clergyman in Northumberland, and in due time was sent to the university of St. Andrews, in order to become a clergyman himself. But, inflamed by the martial ardour then generally prevailing against France, and still more by what he calls the “irresistible fair of St.

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Andrews," he suddenly resolved to become a soldier, obtained a lieutenancy in the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers, and with them sailed to the Mediterranean—after Byng's disastrous failure, I think. He soon wearied, however, of soldiering—especially of the drill, in which he cut an awkward figure; his brother officers foolishly wondering, he says, that "one capable of the finer sallies and energies of "the mind should not easily be an adept in the inferior "and grosser arts of personal and local movement." So, throwing up his commission in 1759, he got himself ordained deacon of the Church, with a salary of £40. a year. This appointment, however, being insufficient both for his pride and his pocket, he resolved on trying his fortune as a man of letters in London, for which his genius and acquirements evidently predestined him. So to London he went: London, he says, "where I have often sunk to the "lowest propensities, and risen to the sublimest delights "of my nature." He wrote sermons, essays, and poems of all sorts and sizes, from addresses to the Supreme Being down to Churchill; made many enemies by his satire "The Poet," but also many friends and admirers. Garriek made him free of his theatre, on payment of an occasional demand of "Well, Mr. Stockdale, and how did they like "me to-night?" But, above all, there was Johnson, by whose very den in Bolt Court Stockdale pitched his tent; the redoubtable Lion, "whose ruggedness," says Stockdale, "as the insolence of Achilles and the sternness of "Telamonian Ajax, was subdued by a Briseis or a Tee-messa, was often softened to smiles and caresses by his

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“ favorite (cat) Hodge, whose epitaph I had the honour
“ to write, and publish in my *Miscellanies* in 1778.” Johnson, humane and generous to all poor creatures, did all he could in behalf of poor “ Stocky ”—a kind of nickname which the owner thought Johnson only used to those he loved, though at the same time he (Johnson) seemed unaccountably “ divided between a benevolence to my interest and a coldness to my fame.” “ He did not even
“ mention *my* Life of Waller in *his*; and thought my
“ translation of Quintus Curtius ‘ rather encumbered with
“ ‘ Latin idiom ’; a fault that after the most impartial
“ examination I own I could not find,” and of which the public will one day decide whether such be the case or not.

But Johnson, with all his good will for the poor author, and all his influence with publishers, could not prevail with any of them to undertake a History of Spain, or join in other such enterprises as his poor friend proposed; and Stockdale gradually subsided into becoming “ bookseller’s
“ hack,” to supply them with any occasional verse or prose which they might want, or the writer need to subsist by. And “ subsistence ” with Stockdale was not so simple a concern; his bodily ambitions were not more easily satisfied than his mental: in the matter of eating and drinking, for instance, “ though so early,” he says, “ a worshiper of
“ Flora, of Vertumnus, and Pomona ”—(whatever all that may mean)—“ yet was I also given to exalt and stimulate
“ the olive of Minerva with the grape of Bacchus,” which is quite intelligible. But, Minerva not being sufficiently stimulated to pay the cost of Bacchus, and no brighter

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prospect opening before her in London, poor Stockdale was half tempted to join the literati who were invited by the Empress Catherine to Russia. But then she offered only £100. a year! And that at St. Petersburg! And in the service of one whom Johnson, he says, called “ a foolish woman, who had read Voltaire and D’Alembert, and “ those childish authors! ”

Things growing desperate, however, so far as subsistence by literature was concerned, Stockdale resolved to fall back on the bosom of Mother Church; and Johnson, on his promising to be “ conscientiously attentive ” to his clerical duties, gave him a letter of recommendation to Burke; who, with one wry face at some hint about “ political heresies ” in Johnson’s letter, received the bearer with courtesy and kindness. Nothing came of it, however, and Stockdale was “ sinking very fast,” he tells us, “ in “ folly, dissipation, and distress,” when Garrick (the player’s patronage being at that time more efficacious than the orator’s) got Lord Sandwich to appoint him to the *Resolution* man-of-war, in which he cruised about England for three years, writing sermons, and otherwise “ worshipping “ the muses.” Once again on shore, and wearied of the sea, he accepted the post of tutor to Lord Craven’s sons; an office where, Johnson told him, he must expect to meet with insolence, and where Stockdale says he found it. When this engagement (for whatever reasons) came to an end, we find him upon the town again, oppressed by “ straitened circumstances, by bad fortune, by imprudencies, by extravaganeies,” till, one lucky day, he be-

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thought himself of leaving seventeen sermons and a pamphlet of poems at Lord Thurlow's door. "*He* "marked and rewarded my literary merit," and, after some further solicitation, presented me with two livings in my native county of Northumberland. These two livings the Archbishop of Canterbury licensed Stockdale to hold together, but "in so gross and rude a manner," he says, "that if I entertained any gratitude, I should relinquish every atom of that manly spirit by which I have hitherto been supported and elevated." He took the two livings, however, and kept them to the day of his death, but soon wearied of the clerical duty which he had promised Johnson so punctually to discharge, and once more took to roving about, still "worshiping the muses," and dedicating to Lord Thurlow (from whose character he drew the hero) that tragedy of 'Ximenes' which Miss Pope found only "too sublime for the stage." Nor was it till after twelve years that he returned to his livings in the north; an old, nervous, querulous, discontented man. And then it was that he compiled these *Memoirs* with the help of Miss Jane Porter (to whom they are dedicated), who, he says, left her own "genial scenes of Surrey for the "bleak and dreary wilds of Northumberland," to soothe "an aged and unfortunate poet," and to arrange his desultory memoranda for the press. These, as I premised, were published in the year 1809; and I have somewhere—but where I know not—read that the writer died some two years after. That any one should have any such uncertainty as to such an event! The *Memoirs* include a few stories relating to Garrick and the players; some good

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things of Johnson; and a few brief glimpses of Burke, Goldsmith, and Gibbon. With these exceptions, there is little in these two volumes worth repeating, unless the present reader, for want of anything better, may care to accompany poor Stockdale in a little adventure which he met with in his early and brief military career, and which he calls “an elegant interlude” of his otherwise absurdly tragical life.

He was just twenty years of age in 1756, when, after wintering in Leicester with his Fusiliers, he set out on foot with a party of them, and just half a guinea in his pocket, to recruit in Bedfordshire. Through alternate frost and thaw they trudged along, till they reached that uncountly-named town, or village, of Biggleswade, where their quarters were to be, and put up at the Swan, still floating in air over the door, I believe, but then under the sway of “honest Jerry Bryant.” There they succeeded in raising thirty recruits for King George, and by that means putting fifty guineas in Stockdale’s pocket; and there, he says, passed some of the few “luminous and halcyon days” which have diversified and contrasted the gloomy and “painful tenour of my life.”

“My studies”—and Homer and Cicero were among them—“received a zest from agreeable and varied society. “I enjoyed the hospitality and cheerfulness of plain, “honest yeomen, and of well-educated and polite gentlemen.”

Among these latter were the Haywoods, “in whose house I always met with a friendly and kind reception, “passed many social and pleasant hours in lively and in-

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“forming conversation, or over an easy and disinterested
“poule of quadrille.” He fell in love with the daughter,
and managed always to keep on jovial terms with the son,
who was otherwise apt to quarrel in his cups, insomuch
that he one day collared and almost strangled Mr. Phil-
lips, “a worthy attorney of Hitchin,” and, “perhaps
“rather fortunately,” died himself not long after. Then
there were the Fields of Campton, with a daughter also,
“to whom I paid one of my poetical tributes,” and a son
who was also a little given to “unsteddiness,” in spite of
all advice I gave him to fix his mind on real good. And
there was John Harvey of Ickwall, an old and jovial
bachelor with £2000 a year, and a house full of nephews,
with whom, though turned of sixty, and weighing twenty
stone, he hunted of a morning, and at night, or in what
Stockdale calls “his rosy hours,” drank with them out of
“an elegant crystal tun which held two bottles of claret,
“and was surmounted by a silver Bacchus.” “From this
“transparent cask and silver cock we drew the ruby nectar
“of Bordeaux,” while the jovial host, “pipe in hand,
“with his rosy and jolly face, beaming hospitality and
“transport, which were enforced by a large, white, and
“venerable, yet comie, wig, enjoyed the rapture of one
“of his own songs;” whether it were,

“Our joys know no bounds,

“When after the hounds,”

or Dr. Arne’s,

“By dimpled brook and fountain-brim;”

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which latter he trolled out with “a strong, yet musieal
“voice, and natural expression,” superior to all the
“gaudy and meretricious embellishments of the theatre.”
Nor must we leave out the very central figure in the town
of Biggleswade itself; with his “old withered house-
“keeper,” his “singed yellow eat,” and his “blind dog,”
all inhabiting “his ruinous and shapeless parsonage,
“shrouded in damp and tangled trees,” in the middle of
the place—John Gibson, the vicar; round, rosy, orthodox,
ever smiling, with a few old jokes, but so perfectly self-
satisfied withal as frequently to declare that “Stockdale
“is just the same lively, entertaining creature that I was
“at his age.”

Amid all these jolly companions, and with that jolly
young Haywood in particular, who almost strangled the
poor attorney, Stockdale enacted that “elegant inter-
“lude” of his to which we have been thus long com-
ing, and which we will now leave him to tell in his own
words.

“During my recruiting station at Biggleswade, I
passed a very agreeable day with that unfortunate man
Haywood, and with some other gentlemen at Stevenage
in Hertfordshire. But I mention this day on account of
an elegant interlude with which it was actuated and
brightened. Baldock is a market-town about eight miles
south of Biggleswade; it is on the high north road, and in
the way to Stevenage. A miller lived on the skirts of
Baldock; he kept a little publick house; himself, and his
rural abode, had been rendered famous by verse and

beauty. He had a charming daughter; though at *my* time she had arrived at ‘womanhood, where youth ended.’ Her attractions had been celebrated by the curate of the place, who had written a song in her praise, which was marked with vivacity and taste; and indeed, with a degree of genius. It had its very popular and flourishing day; and I remember when it was constantly sung in London: and all over the kingdom. I think that I remember it; and I shall give it to the reader, when I have told my story. I had frequently expressed to Haywood my great desire to see this rustic Diana; but he assured me that it was impracticable; for her family had been so long teized with the same curiosity, and were so disgusted with the rudeness which the girl had suffered from some people, that they had determined never again to expose her to the risk of such indignities. I told Haywood that I was resolved to see her; and that I thought it would be very possible to see her, as I should manage my introduction. He was eager to lay me a wager on the subject; I took him at his proposal; and our bett was a dozen of the best port (to be payed by *me*, if I saw her not, and by *him* if I saw her), and to be drank, with some of our select friends, at honest John Bryant’s, my host of the garter.

“On our road to Stevenage, we stopped at the mill; and went into the house. The house seemed inauspicious; for several people sat there drinking; and they were rather obstreperous. Haywood smiled, and predicted the defeat of our scheme; but I told him I was sure that it would take effect, on our return, in the evening. I felt a tremu-

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lous kind of anxiety for the event: I always revered virtuous beauty, however low the class of life was which it adorned; and I thought that I would acquit myself better; that I would atehieve my exploit with more spirit and decision under the benign and generous, not under the violent and maddening, auspices of Bacehus. We rode to Stevenage; dined merrily there; I drank but a pint of wine; for an enterprize of ‘great pith and moment’ was to be executed. A moderate glass animates us to *any* heroic deed; excess unfits us for it. We lighted once more at the honest miller’s, on a delightful vernal evening; it was worthy of the object of *my* generalship. I was alarmed at seeing again several people, who were drinking in the house; but wine and honour were at stake; and no time was to be lost. I desired to speak privately with the father of this daughter of Ceres;—he very civilly aecompanied me into a little field which was behind his house; the adjacent trees, and the beautiful grounds of Hertfordshire, seemed to consecrate the scene, and *my* wishes; and we ‘spoke almost in whispers lest a Greek should ‘hear.’ I told him that I would take it as a great favour, if he would permit me to see his fair daughter, for a few minutes: I highly commended his truly paternal resolution, not to expose her to ill-manners, after the very improper treatment that she had experienced; I mentioned the wager that was to be decided between me, and the gentleman who was with me; and I gave him my word and honour, that if he would indulge me with a short interview with his daughter, I would treat her with all possible

civility and respect. The man looked stedfastly at me for a while; and at length he gave me a favourable answer. He said, that to oblige *me*, he would break his resolution; for he was certain that I would behave like a gentleman. He showed Mr. Haywood and me into a parlour; and as proof of his confidence in me, he retired. In a minute or two, the goddess of the grove entered, in attire of elegant, though of Areadian simplicity; and ‘blushing like the morn.’ She was not young; perhaps above thirty; but *yet* lively, fair, and blooming. The vivacity of her appearance was tempered with that reserve, which was her proper and respectable guard in the company of strangers. There was great gentility and symmetry in her person; her features were fine, and expressive; her eyes were black; and of piercing eloquence. There was a natural ease, politeness, and grace, in her manner; which, where they are originally wanting, can never be equalled by all the elaborate ingenuity of art. In our short conversation, her language was proper, and pertinent; she permitted me respectfully to salute her: I assured her of the high sense which I had of the obligation that she had conferred on me. Haywood was rather too ardent in his advances; I checked his indiscretion peremptorily, and severely. We bade adieu to the fair one; and I returned victorious to Biggleswade. A libation of the dozen of port was soon made at the Swan, in a society who were worthy of the sacred and social rite, to the lass of the mill; to many other Bedfordshire beauties; and to those great

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men, who were the defenders of our country, and at a very glorious period of our history, by their eloquence, or by their sword."

Well, has the reader accompanied Percival Stockdale thus far, and seen him in the "elegant interlude," which he helped to enact in Hertfordshire more than a hundred years ago? Our actors are all vanished; the theatre they played in remains, with its pleasant country annually re-decorated by the hand of nature; its pleasant country town; and, a little way out of it, at the foot of the hill which Stockdale and young Haywood descended that spring morning, the mill, with its scanty stream, but without that sign of a Black Horse which invited the traveller to rest and refresh himself along the dusty road.¹ And for its long departed heroine—if any reader of this present paper cares to follow her behind the scenes, he may still perhaps decipher the date of her last exit among other such almost obliterated inscriptions in Baldock churchyard: "In memory of Mary, the wife of Henry Leonard, "who died April 26, 1769, aged 43 years,"—about twelve years after Stockdale saw and saluted her, rightly guessing that she was then "perhaps above thirty, but yet "lively, fair, and blooming." A little further westward lies her husband, Henry Leonard, "who died April 28, "1802, aged 78 years," buried not by her side, but by that

¹ *There is a tradition that no less distinguished a performer than Dick Turpin once put up there in the course of one of his "elegant interludes" along the "Great North Road," as it was called before the time of railways.*

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of a second wife, who may have been as good, but whom we will not believe to have been such a beauty, as his first.¹

However this may be, that first Mary of his was celebrated, not only by recruiting officers in the country, and by ballad-singers in town; there are, moreover, two aquatint engravings of Baldock still extant to attest that she was its most celebrated ornament. One of these prints represents the town and the fields adjoining, and “Mr. “FitzJohn” on his horse, looking at the country people making hay; the other print is the mill itself, with its Black Horse over the gable, and genteel company in hoop and ruffle and cocked hat, politely conversing along the road, or fishing in the mill-stream. Under each of these engravings is a stanza from that ballad written “with a “degree of genius” by that nameless curate—fancy curates doing such things nowadays!—and sung about the London streets more than a hundred years ago, perhaps to the delightful air which afterwards accompanied O’Keefe’s song of “How happy the Soldier who lives “on his Pay.”

“Who has e’er been at Baldock, must needs know the mill,
With the sign of the horse, at the foot of the hill;
Where the grave, and the gay, the clown, and the beau,
Without all distinction promiscuously go.

¹ *These notes concerning Baldock Mill and Churchyard were taken during a visit there in the spring of 1857, just one hundred years after poor “Stockey’s” visit, perhaps even to a day, for a large oak-apple bough had just, I remember, been hoisted on the steeple in annual memory of King Charles.*

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“ This man of the mill has a daughter so fair ;
Of so pleasing a shape, and so winning an air ;
That once on the ever-green bank as she stood ;
I could swear ’t had been Venus just sprung from the flood.

“ But looking again, I perceived my mistake ;
For Venus, though fair, has the looks of a rake ;
Where nothing but virtue and modesty fill
The more beautiful looks of the lass of the mill.

“ Prometheus stole fire, as the poets all say,
To enliven the mass he had moulded of clay ;
But had Polly been near him, the beams of her eyes
Would have saved him the trouble of robbing the skies.”

[First printed in *Temple Bar*, London, Jan., 1880.]

ON RED BOXES.

SUPPLEMENT BY THE AUTHOR.

("From the fly-leaf at the end of a copy of 'Essays written in the Intervals of Business,' given me by Fitz-Gerald," says Mr. W. Aldis Wright. "The fly-leaf at the beginning has a drawing by Thackeray. Sir Arthur Helps usually travelled with a red box.")

IT is good for a Counsellor to be attended on his travels with a Red Box, which may be carried with him in his Coach, and after him, as he alights, into his chamber. The eyes of men will follow him with the greater reverence. A Red Box is as it were a Star Chamber in small: a closed Court of High Commissions. It should not be so light as that men should conclude that the Counsellor had few and slight matters to engage his privacy: nor so large as to leave room for supposing that he cannot stir a step without the assistance of multiplied documents. It should be carried with tolerable ease by one man. But by all means let there be a Red Box of some size, though it be filled with a shirt, or household bills. Men must have a mystery: and to see the Counsellor after general solace and conversation withdraw to his chamber—men think—"He goes to his papers again till ever so late, and up to it again ever so early"—He who first made a Box did much: he who invented a lock did more: but he who invented the oblong

ON RED BOXES.

Red Box did more than all. For that includes a secret in the mechanism of Human Nature. There is a mystery in the figure which is suitable to State matters, which are commonly of diverse bearings and drawn out further in one direction than another. The square and the circle are too perfect shapes, where many interests of men are involved: and the rhomb would disclaim all order whatsoever. The triangle might indeed be well: but that hath been already bestowed upon the carriage of the cocked Hat. Therefore the Oblong remains, the special property, and as it were, Conscience of Counsellors. And Red hath been long noted as the trumpet colour of Authority.

MEMOIR OF BERNARD BARTON.

(*From a letter of Bernard Barton's.*)

“ 2 mo, 11, 1839.

“THY cordial approval of my brother John's hearty wish to bring us back to the simple habits of the olden time, induces me to ask thee if I mentioned in either of my late letters the curious old papers he stumbled on in hunting through the repositories of our late excellent spinster sister? I quite forget whether I did or not; so I will not at a venture repeat all the items. But he found an inventory of the goods and chattels of our great-grandfather, John Barton of Ive-Gill, a little hamlet about five or seven miles from Carlisle; by which it seems our progenitor was one of those truly patriarchal personages, a Cumbrian statesman—living on his own little estate, and drawing from it all things needful for himself and his family. I will be bound for it my good brother was more gratified at finding his earliest traceable ancestor such an one than if he had found him in the college of heralds with *gules purple* and argent emblazoned as his bearings. The total amount of his stock, independent of house, land, and any money he might have, seems by the valuation to have been £61 6s., and the copy of his admission to his little estate gives the fine as £5, so that I suppose its annual value was then estimated at £2 15s. This was about

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a century back. Yet this man was the chief means of building the little chapel in the dale, still standing. (He was a churchman.) I doubt not he was a fine simple-hearted, noble-minded yeoman, in his day, and I am very proud of him. Why did his son, my grandfather, after whom I was named, ever leave that pleasant dale, and go and set up a manufactory in Carlisle; inventing a piece of machinery¹ for which he had a medal from the Royal Society?—so says Pennant. Methinks he had better have abode in the old grey stone, slate-covered homestead on the banks of that pretty brooklet the Ive! But I bear his name, so I will not quarrel with his memory.”

Thus far Bernard Barton traces the history of his family. And it appears that, as his grandfather's mechanical genius drew him away from the pastoral life at Ive-Gill, so his father, who was of a literary turn, reconciled himself with difficulty to the manufactory he inherited at Carlisle. “I always,” he wrote, “perused a Locke, an Addison, or a Pope, with delight,² and ever sat down to my ledger with a sort of disgust;” and he at one time determined to quit a business in which he had been “neither successfully nor agreeably engaged,” and become “a minister of some sect of religion—it will *then* be time,” he

¹ *The manufactory was one of calico-printing. The “piece of machinery” is thus described by Pennant:—“Saw at Mr. Bernard Barton’s a pleasing sight of twelve little girls spinning at once at a horizontal wheel, which set twelve bobbins in motion; yet so contrived, that should any accident happen to one, the motion of that might be stopped without any impediment to the others.”*

² *See an amusing account of his portrait, with his favourite books about him, painted about this time, Letter I. of this Collection.*

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says, “ to determine of what sect, when I am enabled to judge of their respective merits. But this I will freely confess to you, that if there be any one of them, the tenets of which are more favourable to rational religion than the one in which I have been brought up, I shall be so far from thinking it a crime, that I cannot but consider it my duty to embrace it.” This, however, was written when he was very young. He never gave up business, but changed one business for another, and shifted the scene of its transaction. His religious inquiries led to a more decided result. He very soon left the Church of England, and became a member of the Society of Friends.

About the same time he married a Quaker lady, Mary Done, of a Cheshire family. She bore him several children: but only three lived to maturity; two daughters, of whom the elder, Maria, distinguished herself, afterward, as the author of many useful children's books under her married name, Haack; and one son, Bernard, the poet, who was born on January 31, 1784.

Shortly before Bernard's birth, however, John Barton had removed to London, where he engaged in something of the same business he had quitted at Carlisle, but where he probably found society and interests more suited to his taste. I do not know whether he ever acted as minister in his Society; but his name appears on one record of their most valuable endeavours. The Quakers had from the very time of George Fox distinguished themselves by their opposition to slavery: a like feeling had gradually been growing up in other quarters of England; and in

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1787 a mixed committee of twelve persons was appointed to promote the Abolition of the Slave-trade; Wilberforce engaging to second them with all his influence in parliament. Among these twelve stands the name of John Barton, in honourable companionship with that of Thomas Clarkson.

“ I lost my mother,” again writes B. B., “ when I was only a few days old; and my father married again in my infancy so wisely and so happily, that I knew not but his second wife was my own mother, till I learned it years after at a boarding-school.” The name of this amiable step-mother was Elizabeth Horne; a Quaker also; daughter of a merchant, who, with his house in London and villa at Tottenham, was an object of B. B.’s earliest regard and latest recollection. “ Some of my first recollections,” he wrote fifty years after, “ are, looking out of his parlour windows at Bankside on the busy ‘Thames, with its ever-changing scene, and the dome of St. Paul’s rising out of the smoke on the other side of the river. But my most delightful recollections of boyhood are connected with the fine old country-house in a green lane diverging from the high road which runs through Tottenham. I would give seven years of life as it now is, for a week of that which I then led. It was a large old house, with an iron palisade and a pair of iron gates in front, and a huge stone eagle on each pier. Leading up to the steps by which you went up to the hall door, was a wide gravel walk, bordered in summer time by huge tubs, in which were orange and lemon trees, and in the centre of the grass-plot stood a

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tub yet huger, holding an enormous aloe. The hall itself, to my fancy then lofty and wide as a cathedral would seem now, was a famous place for battledore and shuttlecock; and behind was a garden, equal to that of old Alcinous himself. My favourite walk was one of turf by a long strait pond, bordered with lime-trees. But the whole demesne was the fairy-ground of my childhood; and its presiding genius was grandpapa. He must have been a handsome man in his youth, for I remember him at nearly eighty, a very fine looking one, even in the decay of mind and body. In the morning a velvet cap; by dinner, a flaxen wig; and features always expressive of benignity and placid cheerfulness. When he walked out into the garden, his cocked hat and amber-headed cane completed his costume. To the recollection of this delightful personage, I am, I think, indebted for many soothing and pleasing associations with old age."

John Barton did not live to see the only child—a son—that was born to him by this second marriage. He had some time before quitted London, and taken partnership in a malting business at Hertford, where he died, in the prime of life. After his death his widow returned to Tottenham, and there with her son and step-children continued for some time to reside.

In due time, Bernard was sent to a much-esteemed Quaker school at Ipswich: returning always to spend his holidays at Tottenham. When fourteen years old, he was apprenticed to Mr. Samuel Jesup, a shopkeeper at Halstead in Essex. "There I stood," he writes, "for eight

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years behind the counter of the corner shop at the top of Halstead Hill, kept to this day " (Nov. 9, 1828) " by my old master, and still worthy uncle S. Jesup."

In 1806 he went to Woodbridge; and a year after married Lucy Jesup, the niece of his former master, and entered into partnership with her brother as coal and corn merchant. But she died a year after marriage, in giving birth to the only child, who now survives them both; and he, perhaps sickened with the scene of his blighted love,¹

¹ *The following verses were published in his first volume:—*

*O thou from earth for ever fled !
Whose reliques lie among the dead,
With daisied verdure overspread,
My Lucy!*

*For many a weary day gone by,
How many a solitary sigh
I've heaved for thee, no longer nigh,
My Lucy!*

*And if to grieve I cease awhile,
I look for that enchanting smile
Which all my cares could once beguile,
My Lucy!*

*But ah ! in vain—the blameless art
Which used to soothe my troubled heart
Is lost with thee, my better part,
My Lucy!*

*Thy converse, innocently free,
That made the fiends of fancy flee,
Ah then I feel the want of thee,
My Lucy!*

*Nor is it for myself alone
That I thy early death bemoan ;
Our infant now is all my own,
My Lucy!*

*Couldst thou a guardian angel prove
To the dear offspring of our love,
Until it reach the realms above,
My Lucy!*

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and finding, like his father, that he had less taste for the ledger than for literature, almost directly quitted Woodbridge, and engaged himself as private tutor in the family of Mr. Waterhouse, a merchant in Liverpool. There Bernard Barton had some family connexions; and there also he was kindly received and entertained by the Roseoe family, who were old acquaintances of his father and mother.

After a year's residence in Liverpool, he returned to Woodbridge, and there became clerk in Messrs. Alexander's bank—a kind of office which secures certain, if small, remuneration, without any of the anxiety of business; and there he continued for forty years, working till within two days of his death.

He had always been fond of books; was one of the most active members of a Woodbridge Book Club, which he only quitted a month or two before he died; and had written and sent to his friends occasional copies of verse. In 1812 he published his first volume of Poems, called

*Could thy angelic spirit stray,
Unseen companion of my way,
As onward drags the weary day,
My Lucy!*

*And when the midnight hour shall close
Mine eyes in short unsound repose,
Couldst thou but whisper off my woes,
My Lucy!*

*Then, though thy loss I must deplore,
Till next we meet to part no more
I'd wait the grasp that from me tore
My Lucy!*

*For, be my life but spent like thine,
With joy shall I that life resign,
And fly to thee, for ever mine,
My Lucy!*

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“Metrical Effusions,” and began a correspondence with Southey, who continued to give him most kind and wise advice for many years. A complimentary copy of verses which he had addressed to the author of the “Queen’s Wake,” (just then come into notice,) brought him long and vehement letters from the Ettrick Shepherd, full of thanks to Barton and praises of himself; and along with all this, a tragedy “that will astonish the world ten times more than the ‘Queen’s Wake’ has done,” a tragedy with so many characters in it of equal importance “that justice cannot be done it in Edinburgh,” and therefore the author confidentially intrusts it to Bernard Barton to get it represented in London. Theatres, and managers of theatres, being rather out of the Quaker poet’s way, he called into council Capel Lofft, with whom he also corresponded, and from whom he received flying visits in the course of Lofft’s attendance at the county sessions. Lofft took the matter into consideration, and promised all assistance, but on the whole dissuaded Hogg from trying London managers; he himself having sent them three tragedies of his own; and others by friends of “transcendent merit, equal to Miss Baillie’s,” all of which had fallen on barren ground.¹

In 1818 Bernard Barton published by subscription a

¹ *This was not B. B.’s nearest approach to theatrical honours. In 1822, (just after the Review on him in the Edinburgh,) his niece Elizabeth Hack writes to him, “Aunt Lizzy tells us, that when one of the Sharps was at Paris some little time ago, there was a party of English actors performing plays. One night he was in the theatre, and an actor of the name of Barton was announced, when the audience called out to inquire if it was the Quaker poet.”*

thin 4to volume—"Poems by an Amateur,"—and shortly afterward appeared under the auspices of a London publisher in a volume of "Poems," which, being favourably reviewed in the Edinburgh, reached a fourth edition by 1825. In 1822 came out his "Napoleon," which he managed to get dedicated and presented to George the Fourth. And now being launched upon the public with a favouring gale, he pushed forward with an eagerness that was little to his ultimate advantage. Between 1822 and 1828 he published five volumes of verse. Each of these contained many pretty poems; but many that were very hasty, and written more as task-work, when the mind was already wearied with the desk-labours of the day;¹ not waiting for the occasion to suggest, nor the impulse to improve. Of this he was warned by his friends, and of the danger of making himself too cheap with publishers and the public. But the advice of others had little weight in the hour of success with one so inexperienced and so hopeful as himself. And there was in Bernard Barton a certain boyish impetuosity in pursuit of anything he had at heart, that age itself scarcely could subdue. Thus it was with his correspondence; and thus it was with his poetry. He wrote always with great facility, almost unretarded by that worst labour of correction; for he was not fastidious himself about exactness of thought or of harmony of numbers, and he could scarce comprehend why the public should be less easily satisfied. Or if he did la-

¹ The "*Poetic Vigils*," published in 1824, have (he says in the Preface) "at least this claim to the title given them, that they are the production of hours snatched from recreation or repose."

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bour—and labour he did at that time—still it was at task-work of a kind he liked. He loved poetry for its own sake, whether to read or to compose, and felt assured that he was employing his own talent in the cause of virtue and religion,¹ and the blameless affections of men. No doubt he also liked praise; though not in any degree proportional to his eagerness in publishing; but inversely, rather. Very vain men are seldom so careless in the production of that from which they expect their reward. And Barton soon seemed to forget one book in the preparation of another; and in time to forget the contents of all, except a few pieces that arose more directly from his heart, and so naturally attached themselves to his memory. And there was in him one great sign of the absence of any inordinate vanity—the total want of envy. He was quite as anxious others should publish as himself; would never believe there could be too much poetry abroad; would scarce admit a fault in the verses of others, whether private friends or public authors, though after a while (as in his own case) his mind silently and unconsciously adopted only what was good in them. A much more likely motive for this mistaken activity of publication is, the desire to add to the slender income of his clerkship. For Bernard Barton was a generous, and not a provident man; and, few and modest as were his wants, he did not usually manage to square them to the still narrower limit of his means.

¹ *The "Devotional Verses" (1827) were begun with a very serious intention, and seem written carefully throughout, as became the subject.*

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But apart from all these motives, the preparation of a book was amusement and excitement to one who had little enough of it in the ordinary routine of daily life: treatises with publishers—arrangements of printing—correspondence with friends on the subject—and, when the little volume was at last afloat, watching it for a while somewhat as a boy watches a paper boat committed to the sea.

His health appears to have suffered from his exertions. He writes to friends complaining of low spirits, head-ache, etc., the usual effect of sedentary habits, late hours, and overtaxed brain. Charles Lamb advises after his usual fashion: some grains of sterling available truth amid a heap of jests.¹ Southey replies more gravely, in a letter that should be read and marked by every student.

¹ "You are too much apprehensive about your complaint. I know many that are always ailing of it, and live on to a good old age. I know a merry fellow (you partly know him) who, when his medical adviser told him he had drunk away all that part, congratulated himself (now his liver was gone) that he should be the longest liver of the two. The best way in these cases is to keep yourself as ignorant as you can—as ignorant as the world was before Galen—of the entire inner constructions of the animal man; not to be conscious of a midriff; to hold kidneys (save of sheep and swine) to be an agreeable fiction; not to know whereabouts the gall grows; to account the circulation of the blood a mere idle whim of Harvey's; to acknowledge no mechanism not visible. For, once fix the seat of your disorder, and your fancies flux into it like so many bad humours. Those medical gentry choose each his favourite part, one takes the lungs—another the aforesaid liver, and refers to that whatever in the animal economy is amiss. Above all, use exercise, take a little more spirituous liquors, learn to smoke, continue to keep a good conscience, and avoid tamperings with hard terms of art—viscosity, schirrosity, and those bugbears by which simple patients are scared into their graves. Believe the general sense of the mercantile world, which holds that desks are not deadly. It is the mind, good B. B., and not the limbs, that taints by long sitting. Think of the patience of tailors—think how long the Lord Chancellor sits—think of the brooding hen."

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“Keswick, 27 Jan., 1822.

“ I am much pleased with the ‘ Poet’s Lot ’—no, not with his lot, but with the verses in which he describes it. But let me ask you—are you not pursuing your studies intemperately, and to the danger of your health? To be ‘ writing long after midnight ’ and ‘ with a miserable headache ’ is what no man can do with impunity; and what no pressure of business, no ardour of composition, has ever made me do. I beseech you, remember the fate of Kirke White;—and remember that if you sacrifice your health (not to say your life) in the same manner, you will be held up to your own community as a warning—not as an example for imitation. The spirit which disturbed poor Scott of Amwell in his last illness will fasten upon your name; and your fate will be instanced to prove the inconsistency of your pursuits with that sobriety and evenness of mind which Quakerism requires, and is intended to produce.—

“ You will take this as it is meant, I am sure.

“ My friend, go early to bed;—and if you eat suppers, read afterwards, but never compose, that you may lie down with a quiet intellect. There is an intellectual as well as a religious peace of mind;—and without the former, be assured there can be no health for a poet. God bless you,

Yours very truly,

R. SOUTHEY.”

Mr. Barton had even entertained an idea of quitting the bank altogether, and trusting to his pen for subsist-

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ence.—An unwise scheme in all men: most unwise in one who had so little tact with the public as himself. From this, however, he was fortunately diverted by all the friends to whom he communicated his design.¹ Charles Lamb thus wrote to him:—

“9th January, 1823.

“Throw yourself on the world without any rational plan of support beyond what the chance employ of book-sellers would afford you!!!

¹ So long ago as the date of his first volume he had written to Lord Byron on the subject; who thus answered him:—

St. James's Street, June 1, 1812.

“Sir,

The most satisfactory answer to the concluding part of your letter is, that Mr. Murray will re-publish your volume if you still retain your inclination for the experiment, which I trust will be successful. Some weeks ago my friend Mr. Rogers showed me some of the Stanzas in MS., and I then expressed my opinion of their merit, which a further perusal of the printed volume has given me no reason to revoke. I mention this as it may not be disagreeable to you to learn that I entertained a very favourable opinion of your power before I was aware that such sentiments were reciprocal.—Waving your obliging expressions as to my own productions, for which I thank you very sincerely, and assure you that I think not lightly of the praise of one whose approbation is valuable; will you allow me to talk to you candidly, not critically, on the subject of yours?—You will not suspect me of a wish to discourage, since I pointed out to the publisher the propriety of complying with your wishes. I think more highly of your poetical talents than it would perhaps gratify you to hear expressed, for I believe, from what I observe of your mind, that you are above flattery.—To come to the point, you deserve success; but we knew before Addison wrote his Cato, that desert does not always command it. But suppose it attained—

*“You know what ills the author's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.”—*

Do not renounce writing, but never trust entirely to authorship. If you have a profession, retain it, it will be like Prior's fellowship, a last and sure resource.—Compare Mr. Rogers with other authors of

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“Throw yourself rather, my dear Sir, from the steep Tarpeian rock, slap-dash headlong upon iron spikes. If you have but five consolatory minutes between the desk and the bed, make much of them, and live a century in them, rather than turn slave to the booksellers. They are Turks and Tartars when they have poor authors at their beck. Hitherto you have been at arm’s length from them. Come not within their grasp. I have known many authors want for bread—some repining—others enjoying the best security of a counting-house—all agreeing they had rather have been tailors, weavers,—what not?—rather than the things they were. I have known some starved, some to go mad, one dear friend literally dying in a work-house. You know not what a rapacious, dishonest set these booksellers are. Ask even Southey, who (a single ease almost) has made a fortune by book-drudgery, what he has found them. O you know not, may you never know! the miseries of subsisting by authorship! ’T is a pretty appendage to a situation like yours or mine; but a slavery worse than all slavery, to be a bookseller’s depen-

the day; assuredly he is among the first of living poets, but is it to that he owes his station in society and his intimacy in the best circles? no, it is to his prudence and respectability. The world (a bad one I own) courts him because he has no occasion to court it.—He is a poet, nor is he less so because he was something more.—I am not sorry to hear that you are not tempted by the vicinity of Capel Loft, Esq., though if he had done for you what he has for the Bloomfields I should never have laughed at his rage for patronizing.—But a truly well constituted mind will ever be independent.—That you may be so is my sincere wish; and if others think as well of your poetry as I do, you will have no cause to complain of your readers.—Believe me,

Your obliged and obedient Servant,

BYRON.”

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dant, to drudge your brains for pots of ale and breasts of mutton, to change your free thoughts and voluntary numbers for ungracious task-work. The booksellers hate us. The reason I take to be, that, contrary to other trades, in which the master gets all the credit, (a jeweller or silversmith for instance,) and the journeyman, who really does the fine work, is in the background: in *our* work the world gives all the credit to *us*, whom *they* consider as *their* journeymen, and therefore do they hate us, and cheat us, and oppress us, and would wring the blood of us out, to put another sixpence in their mechanic pouches.

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“ Keep to your bank, and the bank will keep you. Trust not to the public: you may hang, starve, drown yourself for any thing that worthy personage cares. I bless every star that Providence, not seeing good to make me independent, has seen it next good to settle me upon the stable foundation of Leadenhall. Sit down, good B. B., in the banking office: what! is there not from six to eleven p.m., six days in the week, and is there not all Sunday? Fie, what a superfluity of man’s time, if you could think so! Enough for relaxation, mirth, converse, poetry, good thoughts, quiet thoughts. O the corroding, torturing, tormenting thoughts that disturb the brain of the unlucky wight, who must draw upon it for daily sustenance! Henceforth I retract all my fond complaints of mercantile employment—look upon them as lovers’ quarrels. I was but half in earnest. Welcome dead timber of a desk that

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gives me life. A little grumbling is a wholesome medicine for the spleen, but in my inner heart do I approve and embrace this our close but unharassing way of life. I am quite serious.

Yours truly,
C. LAMB."

In 1824, however, his income received a handsome addition from another quarter. A few members of his Society, including some of the wealthier of his own family, raised £1200 among them for his benefit. Mr. Shewell of Ipswich, who was one of the main contributors to this fund, writes to me that the scheme originated with Joseph John Gurney:—"one of those innumerable acts of kindness and beneficence which marked his character, and the *measure* of which will never be known upon the earth." Nor was the measure of it known in this instance; for of the large sum that he handed in as the subscription of several, Mr. Shewell thinks he was "a larger donor than he chose to acknowledge." The money thus raised was vested in the name of Mr. Shewell, and its yearly interest paid to Bernard Barton; till, in 1839, the greater part of it was laid out in buying that old house and the land round it, which Mr. Barton so much loved as the habitation of his wife's mother, Martha Jesup.

It seems that he felt some delicacy at first in accepting this munificent testimony which his own people offered to his talents. But here again Lamb assisted him with plain, sincere, and wise advice.

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“ *March 24th, 1824.*

“ DEAR B. B.,

I hasten to say that if my opinion can strengthen you in your choice, it is decisive for your acceptance of what has been so handsomely offered. I can see nothing injurious to your most honourable sense. Think that you are called to a poetical ministry—nothing worse—the minister is worthy of his hire.

“ The only objection I feel is founded on a fear that the acceptance may be a temptation to you to let fall the bone (hard as it is) which is in your mouth, and must afford tolerable pickings, for the shadow of independence. You cannot propose to become independent on what the low state of interest could afford you from such a principal as you mention; and the most graceful excuse for the acceptance would be, that it left you free to your voluntary functions: that is the less *light* part of the scruple. It has no darker shade. I put in *darker*, because of the ambiguity of the word *light*, which Donne, in his admirable poem on the Metempsychosis, has so ingeniously illustrated in his invocation—

‘ Make my *dark heavy* poem *light* and *light*—’

where the two senses of *light* are opposed to different opposites. A trifling criticism.—I can see no reason for any scruple then but what arises from your own interest; which is in your own power, of course, to solve. If you still have doubts, read over Sanderson’s ‘ Cases of Conscience,’ and Jeremy Taylor’s ‘ Ductor Dubitantium;’ the first a moderate octavo, the latter a folio of nine hun-

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dred close pages; and when you have thoroughly digested the admirable reasons *pro* and *con* which they give for every possible case, you will be—just as wise as when you began. Every man is his own best casuist; and, after all, as Ephraim Smooth, in the pleasant comedy of Wild Oats, has it, ‘There is no harm in a guinea.’ *A fortiori*, there is less in two thousand.

“I therefore most sincerely congratulate with you, excepting so far as excepted above. If you have fair prospects of adding to the principal, cut the bank; but in either case, do not refuse an honest service. Your heart tells you it is not offered to bribe you *from* any duty, but *to* a duty which you feel to be your vocation.

Farewell heartily,

C. L.”

While Mr. Barton had been busy publishing, his correspondence with literary people had greatly increased. The drawers and boxes which at last received the overflowings of his capacious Quaker pockets, (and he scarcely ever destroyed a letter,) contain a multitude of letters from literary people, dead or living. Beside those from Southey and Lamb, there are many from Charles Lloyd—simple, noble, and kind, telling of his many Poems—of a Romance in six volumes he was then copying out with his own hand for the seventh time;—from old Lloyd, the father, into whose hands Barton’s letters occasionally fell by mistake, telling of his son’s many books, but “that it is easier to write them than to gain numerous readers;”

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—from old Mr. Plumptre, who mourns the insensibility of publishers to his castigated editions of Gay and Dibdin —leaving one letter midway, to go to his “spring task of pruning the gooseberries and currants.” There are also girlish letters from L. E. L.; and feminine ones from Mrs. Hemans. Of living authors there are many letters from Mitford, Bowring, Conder, Mrs. Opie, C. B. Tayler, the Howitts, etc.

Owing to Mr. Barton’s circumstances, his connexion with most of these persons was solely by letter. He went indeed occasionally to Hadleigh, where Dr. Drake then flourished, and Mr. Tayler was curate;—to Mr. Mitford’s at Benhall;—¹ and he visited Charles Lamb once or twice in London and at Islington. He once also met Southey at Thomas Clarkson’s at Playford, in the spring of 1824. But the rest of the persons whose letters I have just men-

¹ Here is one of the notes that used to call B. B. to Benhall in those days.

“Benhall, 1820.

“My dear Poet,

We got your note to-day. We are at home and shall be glad to see you, but hope you will not swim here; in other words, we think it better that you should wait, till we can seat you under a chestnut and listen to your oracular sayings. We hope that, like your sister of the woods, you are in full song; she does not print, I think; we hope you do; seeing that you beat her in sense, though she has a little the advantage in melody. Together you will make a pretty duet in our groves. You have both your defects; she deraurs glow-worms, you take snuff; she is in a great hurry to go away, and you are prodigious slow in arriving; she sings at night, when nobody can hear her, and you write for Ackermann, which nobody thinks of reading. In spite of all this, you will get a hundred a year from the king, and settle at Woodbridge; in another month, she will find no more flies, and set off for Egypt.

Truly yours,
J. M.”

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tioned, I believe he never saw. And thus perhaps he acquired a habit of writing that supplied the place of personal intercourse. Confined to a town where there was but little stirring in the literary way, he naturally travelled out of it by letter, for communication on those matters; and this habit gradually extended itself to acquaintances not literary, whom he seemed as happy to converse with by letter as face to face. His correspondence with Mr. Clemesha arose out of their meeting once, and once only, by chance in the commercial room of an inn. And with Mrs. Sutton, who, beside other matters of interest, could tell him about the "North Countrie," from which his ancestors came, and which he always loved in fancy, (for he never saw it,)—he kept up a correspondence of nearly thirty years, though he and she never met to give form and substance to their visionary conceptions of one another.

From the year 1828, his books, as well as his correspondence with those "whose talk was of" books, declined; and soon after this he seemed to settle down contentedly into that quiet course of life in which he continued to the end. His literary talents, social amiability, and blameless character made him respected, liked, and courted among his neighbours. Few, high or low, but were glad to see him at his customary place in the bank, from which he smiled a kindly greeting, or came down with friendly open hand, and some frank words of family inquiry—perhaps with the offer of a pinch from his never-failing snuff-box—or the withdrawal of the visitor, if more intimate, to see some

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letter or copy of verses, just received or just composed, or some picture just purchased. Few, high or low, but were glad to have him at their tables; where he was equally pleasant and equally pleased, whether with the fine folks at the Hall, or with the homely company at the Farm; carrying every where indifferently the same good feeling, good spirits, and good manners; and by a happy frankness of nature, that did not too precisely measure its utterance on such occasions, cheekering the conventional gentility of the drawing-room with some humours of humbler life, which in turn he refined with a little sprinkling of literature.—Now too, after having long lived in a house that was just big enough to sit and sleep in, while he was obliged to board with the ladies of a Quaker school over the way,¹ he obtained a convenient house of his own, where he got his books and pictures about him. But, more than all this, his daughter was now grown up to be his house-keeper and companion. And amiable as Bernard Barton was in social life, his amiability in this little *tête-à-tête* household of his was yet a fairer thing to behold; so completely was all authority absorbed into confidence, and into love—

“A constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks
That humour interposed too often makes,”

¹ *Where he writes a letter one day, but he knows not if intelligibly; “for all hands are busy round me to clap, to starch, to iron, to plait—in plain English, ’tis washing-day; and I am now writing close to a table in which is a bason of starch, caps, kerchiefs, etc., and busy hands and tongues round it.”*

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but gliding on uninterruptedly for twenty years, until death concealed its current from all human witness.

In earlier life Bernard Barton had been a fair pedestrian; and was fond of walking over to the house of his friend Arthur Biddell at Playford. There, beside the instructive and agreeable society of his host and hostess, he used to meet George Airy, now Astronomer Royal, then a lad of wonderful promise; with whom he had many a discussion about poetry, and Sir Walter's last new novel, a volume of which perhaps the poet had brought in his pocket. Mr. Biddell, at one time, lent him a horse to expedite his journeys to and fro, and to refresh him with some wholesome change of exercise. But of that Barton soon tired. He gradually got to dislike exercise very much; and no doubt greatly injured his health by its disuse. But it was not to be wondered at, that having spent the day in the uncongenial task of "figure-work," as he called it, he should covet his evenings for books, or verses, or social intercourse. It was very difficult to get him out even for a stroll in the garden after dinner, or along the banks of his favourite Deben on a summer evening. He would, after going a little way, with much humorous grumbling at the useless fatigue he was put to endure, stop short of a sudden, and, sitting down in the long grass by the riverside, watch the tide run past, and the well-known vessels gliding into harbour, or dropping down to pursue their voyage under the stars at sea, until his companions, returning from their prolonged walk, drew him to his feet again, to saunter homeward far more willingly than he

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set forth, with the prospect of the easy chair, the book, and the cheerful supper before him.

His excursions rarely extended beyond a few miles round Woodbridge—to the vale of Dedham, Constable's birth-place and painting-room; or to the neighbouring sea-coast, loved for its own sake—and few could love the sea and the heaths beside it better than he did—but doubly dear to him from its association with the memory and poetry of Crabbe. Once or twice he went as far as Hampshire on a visit to his brother; and once he visited Mr. W. B. Donne, at Mattishall, in Norfolk, where he saw many portraits and mementoes of his favourite poet Cowper, Mr. Donne's kinsman. That which most interested him there was Mrs. Bodham, ninety years old, and almost blind, but with all the courtesy of the old school about her—once the “Rose” whom Cowper had played with at Catfield parsonage when both were children together, and whom until 1790, when she revived their acquaintance by sending him his mother's picture, he had thought “withered and fallen from the stalk.” Such little excursions it might be absurd to record of other men; but they were some of the few that Bernard Barton could take, and from their rare occurrence, and the simplicity of his nature, they made a strong impression upon him.

He still continued to write verses, as well on private occasions as for annuals; and in 1836 published another volume, chiefly composed of such fragments. In 1845 came out his last volume; which he got permission to dedicate to the Queen. He sent also a copy of it to Sir Robert

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Peel, then prime minister, with whom he had already corresponded slightly on the subject of the income tax, which Mr. Barton thought pressed rather unduly on clerks, and others, whose narrow income was only for life. Sir Robert asked him to dinner at Whitehall.—“Twenty years ago,” writes Barton, “such a summons had elated and exhilarated me—now I feel humbled and depressed at it. Why?—but that I verge on the period when the lighting down of the grasshopper is a burden, and desire itself begins to fail.”—He went, however, and was sincerely pleased with the courtesy, and astonished at the social ease, of a man who had so many and so heavy cares on his shoulders. When the Quaker poet was first ushered into the room, there were but three guests assembled, of whom he little expected to know one. But the mutual exclamations of “George Airy!” and “Bernard Barton!” soon satisfied Sir Robert as to his country guest’s feeling at home at the great town dinner.

On leaving office a year after, Sir Robert recommended him to the Queen for an annual pension of £100:—one of the last acts, as the retiring minister intimated, of his official career, and one he should always reflect on with pleasure.—B. Barton gratefully accepted the boon. And to the very close of life he continued, after his fashion, to send letters and occasional poems to Sir Robert, and to receive a few kind words in reply.

In 1844 died Bernard’s eldest sister, Maria Haek. She was five or six years older than himself; very like him in the face; and had been his instructress (“a sort of oracle

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to me," he says) when both were children. "It is a heavy blow to me," he writes, "for Maria is almost the first human being I remember to have fondly loved, or been fondly loved by—the only living participant in my first and earliest recollections. When I lose her, I had almost as well never have been a child; for she only knew me as such—and the best and brightest of memories are apt to grow dim when they can be no more reflected." "She was just older enough than I," he elsewhere says, "to recollect distinctly what I have a confused glimmering of—about our house at Hertford—even of hers at Carlisle."

Mr. Barton had for many years been an *ailing* man, though he never was, I believe, *dangerously* ill (as it is called) till the last year of his life. He took very little care of himself; laughed at all rules of diet, except temperance; and had for nearly forty years, as he said, "taken almost as little exercise as a mile-stone, and far less fresh air." Some years before his death he had been warned of a liability to disease in the heart, an intimation he did not regard, as he never felt pain in that region. Nor did he to that refer the increased distress he began to feel in exertion of any kind, walking fast or going up-stairs, a distress which he looked upon as the disease of old age, and which he used to give vent to in half-humorous groans, that seemed to many of his friends rather expressive of his dislike to exercise, than implying any serious inconvenience from it. But probably the disease that partly arose from inactivity now became the true apology for it.

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During the last year of his life, too, some loss of his little fortune, and some perplexity in his affairs, not so distressing because of any present inconvenience to himself, as in the prospect of future evil to one whom he loved as himself, may have increased the disease within him, and hastened its final blow.

Toward the end of 1848 the evil symptoms increased much upon him; and, shortly after Christmas, it was found that the disease was far advanced. He consented to have his diet regulated; protesting humorously against the small glass of small beer allowed him in place of the temperate allowance of generous port, or ale, to which he was accustomed. He fulfilled his daily duty in the bank,¹ only remitting (as he was peremptorily bid) his attendance there after his four o'clock dinner.² And though not able to go out to his friends, he was glad to see them at his own house to the last.

Here is a letter, written a few days before his death, to one of his kindest and most hospitable friends.

¹ *He had written of himself, some years before, "I shall go on making figures till Death makes me a cipher."*

² *For which he half accused himself as "a skulker." And of late years, when the day account of the bank had not come quite right by the usual hour of closing, and it seemed necessary to carry on business late into the evening, he would sometimes come up wearied to his room, saying—"Well, we've got all right but a shilling, and I've left my boys" (as he called the younger clerks) "to puzzle that out." But even then he would get up from "Rob Roy" or the "Antiquary," every now and then, and go to peep through the curtain of a window that opens upon the back of the bank, and, if he saw the great gas-lamp flaming within, announce with a half comical sympathy, that "they were still at it;" or, when the lamp was at last extinguished, would return to his chair more happily, now that his partners were liberated.*

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“ 2 mo, 14, 1849.

“ MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

Thy home-brewed has been duly received, and I drank a glass yesterday with relish, but I must not indulge too often—for I make slow way, if any, toward recovery, and at times go on puffing, panting, groaning, and making a variety of noises, not unlike a locomotive at first starting; more to give vent to my own discomfort, than for the delectation of those around me. So I am not fit to go into company, and cannot guess when I shall. However, I am free from much acute suffering, and not so much hypp'd as might be forgiven in a man who has such trouble about his breathing that it naturally puts him on thinking how long he may be able to breathe at all. But if the hairs of one's head are numbered, so, by a parity of reasoning, are the puffs of our bellows. I write not in levity, though I use homely words. I do not think J— sees any present cause of serious alarm, but I do not think he sees, on the other hand, much prospect of speedy recovery, if of entire recovery at all. The thing has been coming on for years; and cannot be cured at once, if at all. A man can't poke over desk or table for forty years without putting some of the machinery of the chest out of sorts. As the evenings get warm and light we shall see what gentle exercise and a little fresh air can do. In the last few days too I have been in solicitude about a little pet niece of mine dying, if not dead, at York: this has somewhat worried me, and agitation or excitement is as bad for me as work or quick-

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ness of motion. Yet, after all, I have really more to be thankful for than to grumble about. I have no very acute pain, a skeely doctor, a good nurse, kind solieitous friends, a remission of the worst part of my desk hours—so why should I fret? Love to the youngkers. Thine,

B.”

On Monday, February 19, he was unable to get into the bank, having passed a very unquiet night—the first night of distress, he thankfully said, that his illness had caused him. He suffered during the day; but welcomed as usual the friends who came to see him as he lay on his sofa; and wrote a few *notes*—for his correspondence must now, as he had humorously lamented, become as short-breathed as himself. In the evening, at half-past eight, as he was yet conversing cheerfully with a friend, he rose up, went to his bed-room, and suddenly rang the bell. He was found by his daughter—dying. Assistance was sent for; but all assistance was vain. “In a few minutes more,” says the note despatched from the house of death that night, “all distress was over on *his* part—and that warm kind heart is still for ever.”

The Letters and Poems that follow are very faithful revelations of Bernard Barton’s soul; of the genuine piety to God, goodwill to men, and cheerful guileless spirit, which animated him, not only while writing in the undisturbed seclusion of the closet, but (what is a very different matter) through the walk and practice of daily life.

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They prove also his intimate acquaintance with the Bible, and his deep appreciation of many beautiful passages which might escape a common reader.

The Letters show, that while he had well considered, and well approved, the pure principles of Quakerism, he was equally liberal in his recognition of other forms of Christianity. He could attend the *church*, or the *chapel*, if the *meeting* were not at hand; and once assisted in raising money to build a new *Established Church* in Woodbridge. And while he was sometimes roused to defend Dissent from the vulgar attacks of High Church and Tory,¹ he could also give the bishops a good word when they were unjustly assailed.

¹ *Here are two little Epigrams showing that the quiet Quaker could strike, though he was seldom provoked to do so.*

DR. E—.

“A bullying, brawling champion of the Church;
Vain as a parrot screaming on her perch;
And, like that parrot, screaming out by rote
The same stale, flat, unprofitable note;
Still interrupting all discreet debate
With one eternal cry of ‘Church and State!’—
With all the High Tory’s ignorance, increased
By all the arrogance that marks the priest;
One who declares upon his solemn word,
The voluntary system is absurd:
He well may say so;—for ’twere hard to tell
Who would support him, did not law compel.”

On one who declared in a public speech—“This was the opinion he had formed of the Dissenters; he only saw in them wolves in sheep’s clothing.”

“‘Wolves in sheep’s clothing!’ bitter words and big;
But who applies them? first the speaker scan;
A suckling Tory! an apostate Whig!
Indeed, a very silly, weak young man!

What such an one may either think or say,
With sober people matters not one pin;
In their opinion, his own senseless bray
Proves him the ASS WRAPT IN A LION’S SKIN.”

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While duly conforming to the usages of his Society on all proper occasions, he could forget *thee* and *thou* while mixing in social intercourse with people of another vocabulary, and smile at the Reviewer who reproved him for using the heathen name *November* in his Poems. “I find,” he said, “these names of the months the prescriptive dialect of *poetry*, used as such by many members of our Society before me—‘sans peur et sans reproche;’ and I use them accordingly, asking no questions for conscience’s sake, as to their origin. Yet while I do this, I can give my cordial tribute of approval to the scruples of our early friends, who advocate a simpler nomenclature. I can quite understand and respect their simplicity and godly sincerity; and I conceive that I have duly shown my reverence for their scruples in adhering *personally* to their dialect, and only using another *poetically*. Ask the British Friend the name of the planet with a belt round it, and he would say, Saturn; at the peril, and on the pain, of excommunication.”

As to his politics, he always used to call himself, “a Whig of the old school.” Perhaps, like most men in easy circumstances, he grew more averse to change as he grew older. He thus writes to a friend in 1845, during the heats occasioned by the proposed Repeal of the Corn Laws:—“Queer times these, and strange events. I feel most shamefully indifferent about the whole affair; but my political fever has long since spent itself. It was about its height when they sent Burdett to the Tower. It has cooled down wonderfully since then. He went there, to

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the best of my recollection, in the character of Burns's Sir William Wallace—

‘ Great patriot hero—ill-requited chief ; ’—

and dwindled down afterwards to ‘ Old Glory.’ No more patriots for me.” But Bernard Barton did not trouble himself much about politics. He occasionally grew interested when the interests of those he loved were at stake; and his affections generally guided his judgment. Hence he was always against a Repeal of the Corn Laws, because he loved Suffolk farmers, Suffolk labourers, and Suffolk fields. Occasionally he took part in the election of a friend to Parliament—writing in prose or verse in the county papers. And here also, though he more willingly sided with the Liberal interest, he would put out a hand to help the good old Tory at a pinch.

He was equally tolerant of men, and free of acquaintance. So long as men were honest, (and he was slow to suspect them to be otherwise,) and reasonably agreeable, (and he was easily pleased,) he could find company in them. “ My temperament,” he writes, “ is, as far as a man can judge of himself, eminently social. I am wont to live out of myself, and to cling to anything or anybody loveable within my reach.” I have before said that he was equally welcome and equally at ease, whether at the Hall or at the Farm; himself indifferent to rank, though he gave every one his title, not wondering even at those of his own community, who, unmindful perhaps of the military implication, owned to the soft impeachment of *Es-*

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quire. But no where was he more amiable than in some of those humbler meetings—about the fire in the *keeping-room* at Christmas, or under the walnut-tree in summer. He had his cheerful remembrances with the old; a playful word for the young—especially with children, whom he loved and was loved by.—Or, on some summer afternoon, perhaps, at the little inn on the heath, or by the river-side—or when, after a pleasant pic-nic on the sea-shore, we drifted homeward up the river, while the breeze died away at sunset, and the heron, at last startled by our gliding boat, slowly rose from the ooze over which the tide was momentarily encroaching.

By nature, as well as by discipline perhaps, he had a great dislike to most violent occasions of feeling and manifestations of it, whether in real life or story. Many years ago he entreated the author of “May you like it,” who had written some tales of powerful interest, to write others “where the appeals to one’s feelings were perhaps less frequent—I mean one’s sympathetic feelings with suffering virtue—and the more pleasurable emotions called forth by the spectacle of quiet, unobtrusive, domestic happiness more dwelt on.” And when Mr. Tayler had long neglected to answer a letter, Barton humorously proposed to rob him on the highway, in hopes of recovering an interest by crime which he supposed every-day good conduct had lost. Even in Walter Scott, his great favourite, he seemed to relish the humorous parts more than the pathetic;—Bailie Nicol Jarvie’s dilemmas at Glennaquoich, rather than Fergus Mac Ivor’s trial; and Oldbuck

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and his sister Grizel rather than the scenes at the fisherman's cottage. Indeed, many, I dare say, of those who only know Barton by his poetry, will be surprised to hear how much humour he had in himself, and how much he relished it in others. Especially, perhaps, in later life, when men have commonly had quite enough of "domestic tragedy," and are glad to laugh when they can.

With little critical knowledge of pictures, he was very fond of them, especially such as represented scenery familiar to him—the shady lane, the heath, the corn-field, the village, the sea-shore. And he loved after coming away from the bank to sit in his room and watch the twilight steal over his landscapes as over the real face of nature, and then lit up again by fire or candle light. Nor could any itinerant picture-dealer pass Mr. Barton's door without calling to tempt him to a new purchase. And then was B. B. to be seen, just come up from the bank, with broad-brim and spectacles on, examining some picture set before him on a chair in the most advantageous light; the dealer recommending, and Barton wavering, until partly by money, and partly by exchange of some older favourites, with perhaps a snuff-box thrown in to turn the scale; a bargain was concluded—generally to B. B.'s great disadvantage and great content. Then friends were called in to admire; and letters written to describe; and the picture taken up to his bed-room to be seen by candle light on going to bed, and by the morning sun on awaking; then hung up in the best place in the best room; till in time perhaps it was itself exchanged away for some newer favourite.

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He was not learned—in language, science, or philosophy. Nor did he care for the loftiest kinds of poetry—"the heroics," as he called it. His favourite authors were those that dealt most in humour, good sense, domestic feeling, and pastoral description—Goldsmith, Cowper, Wordsworth in his lowlier moods, and Crabbe. One of his favourite prose books was Boswell's Johnson; of which he knew all the good things by heart, an inexhaustible store for a country dinner-table.¹ And many will long remember him as he used to sit at table, his snuff-box in his hand, and a glass of genial wine before him, repeating some favourite passage, and glancing his fine brown eyes about him as he recited.

But perhaps his favourite prose book was Scott's Novels. These he seemed never tired of reading, and hearing read. During the last four or five winters I have gone through several of the best of these with him—generally on one night in each week—Saturday night, that left him free to the prospect of Sunday's relaxation. Then was the volume taken down impatiently from the shelf almost before tea was over; and at last, when the room was clear, candles snuffed, and fire stirred, he would read out, or listen to, those fine stories, anticipating with a glance, or an impatient ejaculation of pleasure, the good things he knew were coming—which he liked all the better for knowing they were coming—relishing them afresh in the fresh enjoyment of his companion, to whom they were less familiar; until the modest supper coming in

¹ *He used to look with some admiration at an ancient fellow-townsmen, who, beside a rich fund of Suffolk stories vested in him, had once seen Dr. Johnson alight from a hackney-coach at the Mitre.*

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closed the book, and recalled him to his cheerful hospitality.

Of the literary merits of this volume, others, less biassed than myself by personal and local regards, will better judge. But the Editor, to whom, as well as the Memoir, the task of making any observations of this kind usually falls, has desired me to say a few words on the subject.

The Letters, judging from internal evidence as well as from all personal knowledge of the author's habits, were for the most part written off with the same careless ingenuousness that characterized his conversation. "I have no alternative," he said, "between not writing at all, and writing what first comes into my head." In both cases the same cause seems to me to produce the same agreeable effect.

The Letters on graver subjects are doubtless the result of graver "foregone conclusion,"—but equally spontaneous in point of utterance, without any effort at style whatever.

If the Letters here published are better than the mass of those they are selected from, it is because better topics happened to present themselves to one who, though he wrote so much, had perhaps as little of new or animating to write about as most men.

The Poems, if not written off as easily as the Letters, were probably as little elaborated as any that ever were published. Without claiming for them the highest attributes of poetry, (which the author never pretended to,)

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we may surely say they abound in genuine feeling and elegant fancy expressed in easy, and often very felicitous, verse. These qualities employed in illustrating the religious and domestic affections, and the pastoral scenery with which such affections are perhaps most generally associated, have made Bernard Barton, as he desired to be, a household poet with a large class of readers—a class, who, as they may be supposed to welcome such poetry as being the articulate voice of those good feelings yearning in their own bosoms, one may hope will continue and increase in England.

While in many of these Poems it is the spirit within that redeems an imperfect form—just as it lights up the irregular features of a face into beauty—there are many which will surely abide the test of severer criticism. Such are several of the Sonnets; which, if they have not (and they do not aim at) the power and grandeur, are also free from the pedantic stiffness of so many English Sonnets. Surely that one “To my Daughter,” is very beautiful in all respects.

Some of the lighter pieces—“To Joanna,” “To a young Housewife,” etc., partake much of Cowper’s playful grace. And some on the decline of life, and the religious consolations attending it, are very touching.

Charles Lamb said the verses “To the Memory of Bloomfield” were “sweet with Doric delicacy.” May not one say the same of those “On Leiston Abbey,” “Cowper’s Rural Walks,” on “Some Pictures,” and others of the shorter descriptive pieces? Indeed, utterly incongru-

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ous as at first may seem the Quaker clerk and the ancient Greek Idyllist, some of these little poems recall to me the inscriptions in the Greek Anthology—not in any particular passages, but in their general air of simplicity, leisurely elegance, and quiet unimpassioned pensiveness.

Finally, what Southey said of *one* of Barton's volumes—"there are many rich passages and frequent felicity of expression"—may modestly be said of these selections from ten. Not only is the fundamental thought of many of them very beautiful—as in the poems, "To a Friend in Distress," "The Deserted Nest," "Thought in a Garden," etc.,—but there are many verses whose melody will linger in the ear, and many images that will abide in the memory. Such surely are those of men's hearts brightening up at Christmas "like a fire new stirred,"—of the stream that leaps along over the pebbles "like happy hearts by holiday made light,"—of the solitary tomb showing from afar like a lamb in the meadow. And in the poem called "A Dream,"—a dream the poet really had,—how beautiful is that chorus of the friends of her youth who surround the central vision of his departed wife, and who, much as the dreamer wonders they do not see she is a spirit, and silent as she remains to their greetings, still with countenances of "blameless mirth," like some of Correggio's angel attendants, press around her without awe or hesitation, repeating "welcome, welcome!" as to one suddenly returned to them from some earthly absence only, and not from beyond the dead—from heaven.

E. F. G.

DEATH OF BERNARD BARTON.

AT Woodbridge, on the night of Monday last, February the 19th, between the hours of eight and nine, after a brief spasm in the heart, died Bernard Barton. He was born near London in 1784, came to Woodbridge in 1806, where he shortly after married and was left a widower at the birth of his only child, who now survives him. In 1810 he entered as clerk in Messrs. Alexander's Bank, where he officiated almost to the day of his death. He had been for some months afflicted with laborious breathing which his doctor knew to proceed from disease in the heart, though there seemed no reason to apprehend immediate danger. But those who have most reason to lament his loss, have also most reason to be thankful that he was spared a long illness of anguish and suspense, by so sudden and easy a dismissal.

To the world at large Bernard Barton was known as the author of much pleasing, amiable, and pious poetry, animated by feeling and fancy, delighting in homely subjects, so generally pleasing to English people. He sang of what he loved—the domestic virtues in man, and the quiet pastoral scenes of Nature—and especially of his own county—its woods, and fields, and lanes, and homesteads, and the old sea that washed its shores; and the nearer to his own home the better he loved it. There was a true and

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pure vein of pastoral feeling in him. Thousands have read his books with innocent pleasure; none will ever take them up and be the worse for doing so. The first of these volumes was published in 1811.

To those of his own neighbourhood he was known beside as a most amiable, genial, charitable man—of pure, unaffected, unpretending piety—the good neighbour—the cheerful companion—the welcome guest—a hospitable host—tolerant of all men, sincerely attached to many. Few, high or low, but were glad to see him at his customary place in the bank; to exchange some words of kindly greeting with him—few but were glad to have him at their own homes; and there he was the same man and had the same manners to all; always equally frank, genial, and communicative, without distinction of rank. He had all George Fox's "better part"—thorough independence of rank, titles, wealth, and all the distinctions of habsdasher, without making any needless display of such independence. He could dine with Sir Robert Peel one day, and the next day sup off bread and cheese with equal relish at a farmhouse, and relate with equal enjoyment at the one place what he had heard and seen at the other.

He was indeed as free from vanity as any man, in spite of the attention which his books drew towards him. If he liked to write, and recite, and print his own occasional verses, it was simply that he himself was interested in them at the time—interested in the subject—in the composition, and amused with the very printing; but he was

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equally amused with anything his friends had said or written—repeating it everywhere with almost disproportionate relish. And this surely is not a usual mark of vanity. Indeed, had he had more vanity, he would have written much less instead of so much, would have altered, and polished, and condensed. Whereas it was all first impulse with him; he would never correct his own verses, though he was perfectly ready to let his friends alter what they chose in them—nay, ask them to do so, so long as he was not called on to assist.

It was the same with his correspondence, which was one great amusement of his later years. He wrote off as he thought and felt, never pausing to turn a sentence, or to point one; and he was quite content to receive an equally careless reply, so long as it came. He was content with a poem so long as it was good in the main, without minding those smaller beauties which go to make up perfection—content with a letter that told of health and goodwill, with very little other news—and content with a friend who had the average virtues and accomplishments of men, without being the faultless monster which the world never saw, but so many are half their lives looking for.

It was the same with his conversation. He never dressed himself for it, whatever company he was going into. He would quote his favourite poems in a farmhouse, and tell his humorous Suffolk stories in the genteel-est drawing-room—what came into his head at the impulse of the moment came from his tongue; a thing not in gen-

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eral commendable, but wholly pleasant and harmless in one so innocent, so kind, and so agreeable as himself.

He was excellent company in all companies; but in none more than in homely parties, in or out of doors, over the winter's fire in the farmhouse, or under the tree in summer. He had a cheery word for all; a challenge to good fellowship with the old—a jest with the young—enjoying all, and making all enjoyable and joyous. Many hereabout will long look to that place in their rooms where this good, amiable, and pleasant man used to sit, and spread good-humour around him. Nor can the present writer forget the last out-of-door party he enjoyed with this most amiable man; it was in last June, down his favourite river Deben to the sea. Though far from well, when once on board, he would be cheerful; was as lively and hearty as any at the little inn at which we disembarked to refresh ourselves; and had a word of cheery salute for every boat or vessel that passed or met us as we drifted home again with a dying breeze at close of evening.

He was not learned, in languages, or in science of any kind. Even the loftier poetry of our own country he did not much affect. He loved the masters of the homely, the pathetic, and the humorous—Crabbe, Cowper, and Goldsmith—for it may surprise many readers of his poems that he had as great relish for humour—good-humoured humour—as any man. And few of his friends will forget him as he used to sit at table, his snuff-box in hand, and a glass of genial wine before him as he repeated some

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humorous passage from one of his favourites, glancing his fine brown eyes around the company as he recited. Amongst prose works, his great favourite was Sir Walter Scott—him he was never tired of reading. He would not allow that one novel was bad, and the best were to him the best of all books. For the last four winters, the present writer has gone through several of these masterpieces with him—generally one night in the week was so employed—Saturday night, which left him free to the prospect of the Sunday's relaxation. Then was the volume taken down impatiently from the shelf, almost before tea was over; and at last when all was ready, candle snuffed, and fire stirred, he would read out, or listen to, those fine stories, one after another, anticipating with a smile, or a glance, the pathetic or humorous turns that were coming—that he relished all the more because he knew they were coming—enjoying all as much the twentieth time of reading as he had done at the first—till supper coming in, closed the book, and recalled him to his genial hospitality, which knew no limit. It was only on Friday last we finished the "Heart of Midlothian," which he enjoyed, however ill at ease; on Sunday he wanted to know when we should begin another novel, and on Monday night, after a little mortal agony (to use the words of one who loved him best, and by him was best beloved of all the world), that warm kind heart was still for ever.

It would not be fitting to record in a public paper the domestic virtues of a private man, but Bernard Barton was a public man; and the public is pleased, or should be

FUNERAL OF BERNARD BARTON.

pleased, to know that a writer really is as amiable as his books pretend. No common ease, especially in the poetic line, where the very sensibilities that constitute poetic feeling are most apt to revolt at the little rubs of common life. Scarcely a year has elapsed since the death of one of his oldest and dearest friends—Major Moor—whose praise he justly celebrated in verse. Major Moor was also as well known to the public by his books, as much beloved by a large circle of friends. These two men were, perhaps, of equal abilities, though of a different kind; their virtues equal and the same. Long does the memory of such men haunt the places of their mortal abode; stirring within us, perhaps, at the close of many a day, as the sun sets over the scenes with which they were so long associated. It is surely not improper to endeavour to record something to the honour of such men in their own neighbourhoods. Nay, should we not, if we could, make their histories as public as possible, for surely none could honour them without loving them, and, perhaps, unconsciously striving to follow in their footsteps.

[*The Ipswich Journal*, 24th February, 1849.]

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WOODBIDGE.—On Monday Feb. 26, the mortal remains of Bernard Barton were committed to the earth. A long train of members of the Society to which he belonged, and of old friends and fellow-townsmen, waited to follow him from the door from which he had so often been seen

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to issue alive and welcome to all eyes. Thus attended, the coffin was borne up the street to the cemetery of the Friends' Meeting-house; and there, surrounded by the grave and decent Brotherhood, and amid the affecting silence of their ceremonial, broken but once by the warning voice of one reverent elder, was lowered down into its final resting-place.

Lay him gently in the ground,
The good, the genial, and the wise;
While Spring blows forward in the skies
To breathe new verdure o'er the mound
Where the kindly Poet lies.

Gently lay him in his place,
While the still Brethren round him stand;
The soul indeed is far away,
But we would reverence the clay
In which so long she made a stay,
Beaming through the friendly face,
And holding forth the honest hand—

Thou, that didst so often twine
For other urns the funeral song,
One who has known and lov'd thee long,
Would, ere he mingles with the throng,
Just hang this little wreath on thine.

Farewell, thou spirit kind and true;
Old Friend, for evermore Adieu!

[*The Ipswich Journal*, 3rd March, 1849.]

THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

Sept. 16. Of epilepsy, aged 72, the Rev. George Crabbe, Vicar of Bredfield, near Woodbridge, eldest son and biographer of the celebrated poet.

He was born Nov. 16, 1785, at Stathern in Leicestershire; educated at Ipswich Grammar School; took his degree in 1807, at Trinity College, Cambridge; a year after was ordained deacon, and entered on the curacy of Allington in Lincolnshire, where he continued till 1811, when he went to reside at Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, to which Rectory his father had just been presented by the Duke of Rutland.

In 1815 he gave up his duty and took to residing mainly in London, taking various walking excursions through the kingdom. In 1817 he married Caroline Matilda Timbrell of Trowbridge, and took the curacy of Pucklechurch in Gloucestershire, where he continued 18 years. It was in 1832, that, his father dying, and a complete edition of his Poems being called for, Mr. Crabbe contributed the volume containing the Poet's life, one of the most delightful memoirs in the language. In 1834 he was presented by Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst to the vicarages of Bredfield and Petistree, in Suffolk, in the former of which he built a parsonage, and continued residing till his death. Of his numerous family five children alone survive him, of whom the eldest son George, in holy or-

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ders, is Rector of Merton, Norfolk, and the second, Thomas, is in Australia; the remaining three are daughters. Besides his father's biography Mr. Crabbe was author of a volume of "Natural Theology," on the plan and in the form of "The Bridgewater Treatises," and of several Theological and Scientific Tracts published independently or in magazines.

To manhood's energy of mind, and great bodily strength, he united the boy's heart; as much a boy at seventy as boys need be at seventeen; as chivalrously hopeful, trustful, ardent, and courageous; as careless of riches, as intolerant of injustice and oppression, as incapable of all that is base, little, and mean. With this heroic temper were joined the errors of that over-much affection, rashness in judgment and act, liability to sudden and violent emotions, to sudden and sometimes unreasonable like and dislike; and, in defiance of experience and probability, over-confidence—not in himself, for he was almost morbidly self-distrustful—but in the cause he had at heart, that it *must* bring about the result he desired. One of those he was whose hearts, wild, but never going astray, are able only to breathe in the better and nobler elements of humanity.

Under a somewhat old-fashioned acquiescence with indifferent things and people he covered a heart that would have gladly defied death in vindication of any vital truth, often most loudly proclaiming what might most likely compromise himself; a passionate advocate of enquiry and freedom and progress in all ways—civil, religious,

and scientific; as passionate a hater of all that would retard or fetter it; and sometimes inclined to defend a dogma *because* bold and new and likely to be assailed. For there was much of the noble and Cervantic humourist in him, beside a certain quaintness of taste, resulting from a simple nature, brought up in simple habits and much country seclusion. And if a boy in feeling, he was a child in expressing his feelings, especially of enjoyment in little and simple things, which those more pampered by the world mistook for insincere. And whatever his intolerance of *verse*, he was far more the poet's son than he believed, bowing his white head with more than botanic welcome over the flower which reminded him of childhood, and convinced him of the Creator's sympathetic provision for his creatures' sense of beauty; or in some of his long and strong walks, whether in solitary meditation or earnest conversation on the only subject he cared for, stopping to admire some little obscure parish church in which he could discern cathedral proportions, or to lament over some felled oak-trees, by whose however needful fall, he declared the guilty landowner "scandalously misused the globe." For like many magnanimous men he had a passion for great trees and buildings; indeed, an aptitude for architecture, which, if duly cultivated, might have become his real genius.

Not long before his death he left a short paper to be read by his children immediately after it, affirming up to the last period of responsible thought, that he was satisfied with the convictions he had so carefully come to; bidding

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nobody mourn over one who had lived so long, and on the whole so happily; and desiring to be buried as simply as he had lived, “in any vacant space on the south side of “the churchyard.” Thither, accordingly, he was carried, on Tuesday, Sept. 22; and there, attended by many more than were invited, and scarce one but with some funeral crape about him, were it no bigger than that about the soldier’s arm, was laid in death among the poor whose friend he had been; while the descending September sun of one of the finest summers in living memory, broke out to fling a farewell beam into the closing grave of as generous a man as he is likely to rise upon again.

E. F. G.

[*The Gentleman’s Magazine*, Lond., Nov. 1857, pp. 562-3.]

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“TALES OF THE HALL,” says the Poet’s son and biographer, occupied his father during the years 1817, 1818, and were published by John Murray in the following year under the present title, which he suggested, instead of that of “Remembrances,” which had been originally proposed.

The plan and nature of the work are thus described by the author himself in a letter written to his old friend, Mary Leadbeater, and dated October 30, 1817:

“I know not how to describe the new, and probably (most probably) the last work I shall publish. Though a village is the scene of meeting between my two principal characters, and gives occasion to other characters and relations in general, yet I no more describe the manners of village inhabitants. My people are of superior classes, though not the most elevated; and, with a few exceptions, are of educated and cultivated minds and habits. I do not know, on a general view, whether my tragic or lighter Tales, etc., are most in number. Of those equally well executed, the tragic will, I suppose, make the greater impression; but I know not that it requires more attention.”

“The plan of the work,” says Jeffrey, in a succinct, if not quite exact, epitome—“for it has more of plan and unity than any of Mr. Crabbe’s former productions—is abundantly simple. Two brothers, both past middle age, meet together for the first time

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since their infancy, in the Hall of their native parish, which the elder and richer had purchased as a place of retirement for his declining age; and there tell each other their own history, and then that of their guests, neighbours, and acquaintances. The senior is much the richer, and a bachelor—having been a little distasted with the sex by the unlucky result of a very extravagant passion. He is, moreover, rather too reserved, and somewhat Toryish, though with an excellent heart and a powerful understanding. The younger is very sensible also, but more open, social, and talkative; a happy husband and father, with a tendency to Whiggism, and some notion of reform, and a disposition to think well both of men and women. The visit lasts two or three weeks in autumn; and the Tales are told in the after-dinner *tête-à-têtes* that take place in that time between the worthy brothers over their bottle.

“The married man, however, wearies at length for his wife and children; and his brother lets him go with more coldness than he had expected. He goes with him a stage on the way; and, inviting him to turn aside a little to look at a new purchase he had made of a sweet farm with a neat mansion, he finds his wife and children comfortably settled there, and all ready to receive them; and speedily discovers that he is, by his brother’s bounty, the proprietor of a fair domain within a morning’s ride of the Hall, where they may discuss politics, and tell tales any afternoon they may think proper.”—*Edinburgh Review*, 1819.

The Scene has also changed with Drama and Dramatis Personæ: no longer now the squalid purlieu of old, inhabited by paupers and ruffians, with the sea on one side, and as barren a heath on the other; in place of that, a village, with its tidy homestead and well-to-do tenant,

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scattered about an ancient Hall, in a well-wooded, well-watered, well-cultivated country, within easy reach of a thriving country town, and

“ West of the waves, and just beyond the sound,”

of that old familiar sea, which (with all its sad associations) the Poet never liked to leave far behind him.¹

When he wrote the letter above quoted (two years before the publication of his book) he knew not whether his tragic exceeded the lighter stories in quantity, though he supposed they would leave the deeper impression on the reader. In the completed work I find the tragic stories fewer in number, and, to my thinking, assuredly not more impressive than such as are composed of that mingled yarn of grave and gay of which the kind of life he treats of is, I suppose, generally made up. “ Nature’s sternest Painter ” may have mellowed with a prosperous old age, and, from a comfortable grand-climaeterie, liked to contemplate and represent a brighter aspect of humanity than his earlier life afforded him. Anyhow, he has here selected a subject whose character and circumstance require a lighter touch and shadow less dark than such as he formerly delineated.

¹ “It was, I think, in the summer of 1787, that my father” (then living in the *Pale of Belvoir*) “was seized, one fine summer’s day, with so intense a longing to see the sea, from which he had never before been so long absent, that he mounted his horse, rode alone to the coast of Lincolnshire, sixty miles from his house, dipped in the waves that washed the beach of Aldborough, and returned to Stathern.”—(From the Poet’s Biography, written by his son.)

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Those who now tell their own as well as their neighbours' stories are much of the Poet's own age as well as condition of life, and look back (as he may have looked) with what Sir Walter Scott calls a kind of humorous retrospect over their own lives, cheerfully extending to others the same kindly indulgence which they solicit for themselves. The book, if I mistake not, deals rather with the follies than with the vices of men, with the comedy rather than the tragedy of life. Assuredly there is scarce anything of that brutal or sordid villainy¹ of which one has more than enough in the Poet's earlier work. And even the more sombre subjects of the book are relieved by the colloquial intercourse of the narrators, which twines about every story, and, letting in occasional glimpses of the country round, encircles them all with something of dramatic unity and interest, insomuch that of all the Poet's works this one alone does not leave a more or less melancholy impression upon me; and, as I am myself more than old enough to love the sunny side of the wall, is on that account, I do not say the best, but certainly that which best I like, of all his numerous offspring.

Such, however, is not the case, I think, with Crabbe's few readers, who, like Lord Byron, chiefly remember him by the sterner realities of his earlier work. Nay, quite recently Mr. Leslie Stephen, in that one of his admirable essays which analyses the Poet's peculiar genius, says:

¹ *I think, only one story of the baser sort—"Gretna Green"—a capital, if not agreeable, little drama in which all the characters defeat themselves by the very means they take to deceive others.*

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“The more humorous portions of these performances may be briefly dismissed. Crabbe possessed the faculty, but not in any eminent degree; his tramp is a little heavy, and one must remember that Mr. Tovell and his like were of the race who require to have a joke driven into their heads by a sledge-hammer. Sometimes, indeed, we come upon a sketch which may help to explain Miss Austen’s admiration. There is an old maid devoted to china, and rejoicing in stuffed parrots and puppies, who might have been another Emma Woodhouse; and a Parson who might have suited the Eltons admirably.”

The spinster of the stuffed parrot indicates, I suppose, the heroine of “Procrastination” in another series of tales. But Miss Austen, I think, might also have admired another, although more sensible, spinster in these, who tells of her girlish and only love while living with the grandmother who maintained her gentility in the little town she lived in at the cost of such little economies as “would scarce a parrot keep;” and the story of the romantic friend who, having proved the vanity of human bliss by the supposed death of a young lover, has devoted herself to his memory, insomuch that as she is one fine autumnal day protesting in her garden that, were he to be restored to her in all his youthful beauty, she would renounce the real rather than surrender the ideal Hero awaiting her elsewhere, behold him advancing toward her in the person of a prosperous, portly merchant, who reclaims, and, after some little hesitation on her part, retains her hand.

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There is also an old Bachelor whom Miss Austen might have liked to hear recounting the matrimonial attempts which have resulted in the full enjoyment of single blessedness; his father's sarcastic indifference to the first, and the haughty defiance of the mother of the girl he first loved. And when the young lady's untimely death has settled that question, his own indifference to the bride his own mother has provided for him. And when that scheme has failed, and yet another after that, and the Bachelor feels himself secure in the consciousness of more than middle life having come upon him, his being captivated—and jilted—by a country Miss, toward whom he is so imperceptibly drawn at her father's house that

“Time after time the maid went out and in,
Ere love was yet beginning to begin;
The first awakening proof, the early doubt,
Rose from observing she went in and out.”

Then there is a fair Widow, who, after wearing out one husband with her ruinous tantrums, finds herself all the happier for being denied them by a second. And when he too is dead, and the probationary year of mourning scarce expired, her scarce ambiguous refusal (followed by acceptance) of a third suitor, for whom she is now so gracefully wearing her weeds as to invite a fourth.

If “Love's Delay” be of a graver complexion, is there not some even graceful comedy in “Love's Natural

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Death;" some broad comedy—too true to be farce—in "William Bailey's" old housekeeper; and up and down the book surely many passages of gayer or graver humour; such as the Squire's satire on his own house and farm; his brother's account of the Viear, whose daughter he married; the gallery of portraits in the "Cathedral Walk," besides many a shrewd remark so tersely put that I should call them epigram did not Mr. Stephen think the Poet incapable of such; others so covertly implied as to remind one of old John Murray's remark on Mr. Crabbe's conversation—that he said uncommon things in so common a way as to escape notice; though assuredly not the notice of so shrewd an observer as Mr. Stephen if he cared to listen, or to read?

Nevertheless, with all my own partiality for this book, I must acknowledge that, while it shares with the Poet's other works in his characteristic disregard of form and diction—of all indeed that is now called "Art"—it is yet more chargeable with diffuseness, and even with some inconsistency of character and circumstance, for which the large canvas he had taken to work on, and perhaps some weariness in filling it up,¹ may be in some measure ac-

¹ *A Journal that he kept in 1817 shows that some part of the book was composed, not in the leisurely quiet of his country Parsonage, or the fields around it, but at the self-imposed rate of thirty lines a day, in the intervals between the déjeûners, dinners, and soirées of a London season, in which, "seeing much that was new," he says: "I was perhaps something of a novelty myself"—was, in fact, the new lion in fashion.*

"July 5.—My thirty lines done, but not very well, I fear. Thirty daily is the self-engagement.

"July 8.—Thirty lines to-day, but not yesterday. Must work up.

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countable. So that, for one reason or another, but very few of Crabbe's few readers care to encounter the book. And hence this attempt of mine to entice them to it by an abstract, omitting some of the stories, retrenching others, either by excision of some parts, or the reduction of others into as concise prose as would comprehend the substance of much prosaic verse.

Not a very satisfactory sort of medley in any such case; I know not if more or less so where verse and prose are often so near akin. I see, too, that in some cases they are too patchily intermingled. But I have tried, though not always successfully, to keep them distinct, and to let the Poet run on by himself whenever in his better vein; in two cases—that of the “Widow” and “Love's Natural Death”—without any interruption of my own, though not without large deductions from the author in the former story.

On the other hand, more than as many other stories have shrunk under my hands into seeming disproportion with the Prologue by which the Poet introduces them, inasmuch as they might almost as well have been can-

“July 10.—*Make up my thirty lines for yesterday and to-day.*

“Sunday, July 15 (*after a sermon at St. James's, in which the preacher thought proper to apologize for a severity which he had not used*). *Write some lines in the solitude of Somerset House, not fifty yards from the Thames on one side, and the Strand on the other; but as quiet as the sands of Arabia.*”

Then leaving London for his Trowbridge home, and staying by the way at the house of a friend near Wycombe—

“July 23.—*A vile engagement to an Oratorio at the church by I know not how many noisy people, women as well as men. Luckily, I sat where I could write unobserved, and wrote forty lines, only interrupted by a song of Mrs. Brand (Bland?)—a hymn, I believe. It was less doleful than the rest.*”

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celled were it not for carrying their introduction away with them.¹

And such alterations have occasionally necessitated a change in some initial article or particle connecting two originally separated paragraphs, of which I subjoin a list, as also of a few that have inadvertently crept into the text from the margin of my copy; all, I thought, crossed out before going to press. For any poetaster can amend many a careless expression which blemishes a passage that none but a poet could indite.

I have occasionally transposed the original text, especially when I thought to make the narrative run clearer by so doing. For in that respect, whether from lack or laxity of constructive skill, Crabbe is apt to wander and lose himself and his reader. This was shown especially in some prose novels, which at one time he tried his hand on, and (his son tells us), under good advice, committed to the fire.

I have replaced in the text some readings from the Poet's original MS. quoted in his son's standard edition, several of which appeared to me fresher, terser, and (as so often the case) more apt than the second thought afterward adopted.²

¹ As "*Richard's Jealousy*," "*Sir Owen Dale's Revenge*," the "*Cathedral Walk*," in which the Poet's diffuse treatment seemed to me scarcely compensated by the interest of the story.

² A curious instance occurs in that fair Widow's story, when the original

"Would you believe it, Richard, that fair she
Has had three husbands—I repeat it, three!"

is supplanted by the very enigmatical couplet:

"Would you believe it, Richard? that fair dame
Has thrice resign'd and reassumed her name."

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Mr. Stephen has said—and surely said well—that, with all its short- and long-comings, Crabbe's better work leaves its mark on the reader's mind and memory as only the work of genius can, while so many a more splendid vision of the fancy slips away, leaving scarce a wrack behind. If this abiding impression result (as perhaps in the case of Richardson or Wordsworth) from being, as it were, soaked in through the longer process by which the man's peculiar genius works, any abridgement, whether of omission or epitome, will diminish from the effect of the whole. But, on the other hand, it may serve, as I have said, to attract a reader to an original which, as appears in this case, scarce anybody now cares to venture upon in its integrity.

I feel bound to make all apology for thus dealing with a Poet whose works are ignored, even if his name be known, by the readers and writers of the present generation.* “Pope in worsted stockings” he once was called;

* The final edition of 1883 continues as follows instead of as above:—

“Pope in worsted stockings,” he has been called. But in truth, the comparison, such as it is, scarcely reaches beyond Crabbe's earliest essays. For in “The Village,” which first made him popular, he set out with Goldsmith rather than with Pope, though toward a very different object than “Sweet Auburn.” And then, after nearly twenty years' silence (a rare interval for a successful author), appeared a volume of “Tales”; and after them “The Parish Register,” accompanied with “Sir Eustace and those stockings, it must be admitted, often down at

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heel, and begrimed by many a visit among the dreary resorts of "*pauvre et triste humanité*." And if Pope, in his silken court suit, scarcely finds admittance to the modern Parnassus, how shall Crabbe with his homely gear and awkward gait? Why had he not kept to level prose, more suitable, some think, to the subject he treats of, and to his own genius? As to subject, Pope, who said that Man was man's proper study, treated of finer folks indeed, but not a whit more or less than men and women, nor the more life-like for the compliment or satire with which he set them off. And, for the manner, he and

Grey," and by-and-by followed "The Borough": in all of which the style differed as much from that of Pope as the character and scene they treated of from the Wits and Courtiers of Twickenham and Hampton Court. But all so sharply delineated as to make Lord Byron, according to the comprehensive and comfortable form of decision that is never out of date, pronounce him to be Nature's best, if sternest, painter.

In the present "Tales of the Hall," the Poet, as I have said, has in some measure shifted his ground, and Comedy, whose shrewder—not to say more sardonic—element ran through his earlier work, here discovers something of her lighter humour. Not that the Poet's old Tragic power, whether of Terror or Pity, is either absent or abated; as witness the story of "Ruth"; and that of "The Sisters," of whom one, with the simple piety that has held her up against the storm which has overtaken them both, devotes

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HORACE in his Epistles and Satires, and the comedy-writers of Greece, Rome, Spain, and France, availed themselves of Verse, through which (and especially when clenched with rhyme) the condensed expression, according to MONTAIGNE, rings out as breath through a trumpet. I do not say that Comedy (whose Dramatic form Crabbe never aimed at) was in any wise his special vocation, though its shrewder—not to say, saturnine—element runs through all except his earliest work, and somewhat of its lighter humour is revealed in his last. And, if Verse has been the chosen organ of Comedy proper, it assuredly can-

herself to the care of her whom it has bewildered, as she wanders alone in the deepening gloom of evening,

“Or cries at mid-day, ‘Then Good-night to all!’”

And to prove how the Poet’s landscape hand has not slackened in its cunning, we may accompany the Brothers in their morning ramble to the farm; or Richard on his horse to the neighbouring town; or at a respectful distance observe those two spinsters conversing in their garden on that so still autumnal day,

“When the wing’d insect settled in our sight,
And waited wind to recommence her flight,”

till interrupted by the very substantial apparition of him who ought long ago to have been a Spirit in heaven.

But “Tragedy, Comedy, Pastoral,” all that, applauded as it was by contemporary critics and representatives of

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not be less suitable for the expression of those more serious passions of which this Poet most generally treats, and which are nowhere more absolutely developed than amid the classes of men with which he had been so largely interested. And whatever one may think Crabbe makes of it, verse was the mode of utterance to which his genius led him from first to last (his attempt at prose having failed) ; and if we are to have him at all, we must take him in his own way.

Is he then, whatever shape he may take, worth making

literature, contributed to make this writer generally read in the first quarter of this century, has left of him to the present generation but the empty echo of a name, unless such as may recall the

“ John Richard William Alexander Dwyer ”

of the “ Rejected Addresses.” Miss Austen, indeed, who is still so much renowned for her representation of genteel humanity, was so unaccountably smitten with Crabbe in his worsted hose, that she playfully declared she would not refuse him for her husband. That Sir Walter Scott, with his wider experience of mankind, could listen to the reading of him when no longer able to hold the book for himself, may pass for little in these days when the Lammermoors and Midlothians are almost as much eclipsed by modern fiction as “ The Lady of the Lake ” and “ Marmion ” by the poetic revelations which have extinguished Crabbe. Nevertheless, among the many ob-

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room for in our overcrowded heads and libraries? If the verdict of such critics as Jeffrey and Wilson be set down to contemporary partiality or inferior "culture," there is Miss Austen, who is now so great an authority in the representation of genteel humanity, so unaccountably smitten with Crabbe in his worsted hose that she is said to have pleasantly declared he was the only man whom she would care to marry.¹ If Sir Walter Scott and Byron are but unæsthetic judges of the Poet, there is Wordsworth, who was sufficiently exclusive in admitting any to

solete authorities of yesterday, there is yet one—William Wordsworth—who now rules, where once he was least, among the sacred Brotherhood to which he was exclusive enough in admitting others, and far too honest to make any exception out of compliment to anyone on any occasion; he did, nevertheless, thus write to the Poet's son and biographer in 1834:² "Any testimony to the merit of your revered father's works would, I feel, be superfluous, if not impertinent. They will last, from their combined merits as poetry and truth, full as long as anything that has been expressed in verse since they first made their appearance"—a period which, be it noted, includes all Wordsworth's own volumes except "Yarrow Revisited," "The Prelude," and "The Borderers." And Wordsworth's living successor to the laurel no less participates

¹ *I will add what, in his lately published "Reminiscences," Mr. Mozley tells us, that Crabbe was a favourite with no less shrewd a reader of Humanity than Cardinal Newman.*

² *See Vol. II., p. 84, of the complete Edition, 1834.*

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the sacred brotherhood in which he still reigns, and far too honest to make any exception out of compliment to anyone on any occasion—he did, nevertheless, thus write to the Poet's son and biographer in 1834:¹ “Any testimony to the merit of your revered father's works would, I feel, be superfluous, if not impertinent. They will last, from their combined merits as poetry and truth, full as long as anything that has been expressed in verse since they first made their appearance”—a period which, be it noted, includes all Wordsworth's own volumes except

with him in his appreciation of their forgotten brother. Almost the last time I met him he was quoting from memory that fine passage in “*Delay has Danger*,” where the late autumn landscape seems to borrow from the conscience-stricken lover who gazes on it the gloom which it reflects upon him; and in the course of further conversation on the subject, Mr. Tennyson added, “Crabbe has a world of his own;” by virtue of that original genius, I suppose, which is said to entitle, and carry, the possessor to what we call Immortality.

Mr. Mozley, in his “*Recollections of Oriel College*,” has told us that Cardinal Newman was a great reader of Crabbe in those early days; and the Cardinal himself, in one of his “*Addresses to the Catholics of Dublin*,” published in 1873, tells us that so he continued to be, and, for

¹ See Vol. II., p. 84, of the complete Edition, 1834.

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“Yarrow Revisited,” “The Prelude,” and “The Borderers.” And Wordsworth’s living successor to the laurel no less participates with him in his appreciation of their forgotten brother. Almost the last time I met him he was quoting from memory that fine passage in “Delay has Danger,” where the late autumn landscape seems to borrow from the conscience-stricken lover who gazes on it the gloom which it reflects upon him; and in the course of further conversation on the subject, Mr. Tennyson added, “Crabbe has a world of his own;” by virtue of that original genius, I suppose, which is said to entitle, and carry, the possessor to what we call Immortality.*

one reason, *why*. For in treating of what may be called his Ideal of a University, he speaks of the insufficiency of mere Book-learning toward the making of a Man, as compared with that which the Richard of these “Tales” unconsciously gathered in the sea-faring village where his boyhood passed; and where—not from books (of which he had scarce more than a fisherman’s cottage supplied), but from the seamen on the shore, and the solitary shepherd on the heath, and a pious mother at home—“he contrived to fashion a philosophy and poetry of his own;” which, followed as it was by an active life on land and sea, made of him the Man whom his more educated and prosperous brother contemplated with mingled self-regret and pride. And the poem in which this is told is considered by Cardinal Newman as, “whether for conception

* [The Introduction to the first edition ends here.]

INTRODUCTION TO READINGS IN CRABBE.

or execution, one of the most touching in our language," which having read "on its first publication with extreme delight," and again, thirty years after, with even more emotion, and yet again, twenty years after *that*, with undiminished interest, he concludes by saying that "a work which can please in youth and age seems to fulfil (in logical language) the *accidental* definition of a classic."

For a notice of this passage (which may be read at large in Cardinal Newman's sixth Discourse delivered to the Catholics of Dublin, p. 150. Edit. 1873) I am indebted to Mr. Leslie Stephen, against whom I ventured to break a lance, and who has supplied me with one that recoils upon myself for having mutilated a poem which so great an authority looks on as so perfect.

CRABBE'S "SUFFOLK."

Prime:

"We prune our hedges, *prime* our slender trees,
And nothing looks untutored, or at ease."—*Borough.*

Moor defines "*priming*; pruning the lower, or *wash* boughs of a tree." But Forby, "to trim up the stems; to give them *the first* dressing in order to make them look shapely"; which accords more with the original meaning of the word and with Crabbe's use of it.

But Crabbe has another word on the same subject, which is not found in Moor or Forby—and where else?—in such a sense; in which sense I am persuaded it *was* used, by some Suffolk people at least, from whom Crabbe caught it carelessly up. It has the true Suffolk stamp about it.

"Where those dark shrubs, that now grow wild at will,
Were clipped in form, and *tantalized* with skill."
—*Parish Register.*

We should now, perhaps, say "titivated."

Tantalize, Dogmatize, Moralize, etc., we are all familiarized with in some way or other. So much cannot be said for another such word, as properly formed, which Crabbe uses, but did *not* pick up in Suffolk, I think. A too happy lover tells of having, in the midst of his own exultation, met a poor unhappy man;

CRABBE'S "SUFFOLK."

"And I was thankful for the moral sight,
Which *soberized* the vast and wild delight."

Well, the word is worthy of the lines, and the lines of the foolish story they wind up. And this inequality and disproportion it is—this "loose screw" in so great a faculty, together with great carelessness in his later poems, and a want of what is called *Art* in all—that weighs down the popularity of a writer, whose couplets Johnson, Pope, and Dryden might have familiarly quoted, and whose whole poems, with all their imperfections, will live, old Wordsworth says, at least as long as anything written since—including his own.

Conceit: In the sense of conception, noun and verb. "I du conceit"—pronounced, of course, "conceite."

Ruth's father and mother have been waiting for her (the passage is so fine that it is even a pleasure to transcribe, and I think no one will grudge to read it) from morning till evening:

"Still she came not home;
The night grew dark and yet she was not come;
The east wind roared, the sea return'd the sound,
And the rain fell as if the world were drown'd.
There were no lights without; and my good man,
To kindness frighten'd, with a groan began
To talk of Ruth, and pray; and then he took
The Bible down, and read the Holy Book;
For he had learning; and when that was done,
We sat in silence—'Whither can we run?'

CRABBE'S "SUFFOLK."

We said, and then ran frighten'd from the door,
For we could bear our own conceit no more."

What became of Ruth? Let every good East Anglian who can afford it buy the book see. What a Dryden line, the fourth!

Like: As we take the word in full to the end of an adjective; adjectivelike, not adjectively.

I am sorry to find this good old form supplanted by a vile compound. Instead of the sky looking *squally-like*, *rainy-like*, "my dear friends" will say "*squallified*, *rainified*," etc., for which they deserve a round dozen. *Fuimus Troes*.

But to return to Crabbe. His word occurs in another passage, so fine that I *must* transcribe—one of the best glimpses of a ghost I know—because it *is* but a glimpse:

"I loved in summer on the heath to walk,
And seek the shepherd—shepherds love to talk;—
His boy, his Joe, he said, from duty ran,
Took to the sea, and grew a fearless man—
On yonder knoll—the sheep were in the fold—
His spirit passed me, *shivering-like* and cold;
I felt a fluttering, but I knew not how,
And heard him utter, like a whisper, "*Now!*"
Soon came a letter from a friend to tell
That he had fallen, and the hour he fell."

Dole: A word we are very familiar with, especially on the coast, where Crabbe heard of it before his A B C:

CRABBE'S "SUFFOLK."

"His very soul was not his own: he stole
As others ordered, and without *a dole*."

—*Parish Register*.

Without having any share in the plunder, as we know;
but I wonder if the word was generally understood?
Crabbe felt called on to explain it by a note in another poem:

"He was a fisher from his earliest day,
And placed" (No! no! remember your old Aldbro'!)

"And *shot* his nets within the borough's bay;
There by his skates, his herrings, and his soles,
He lived, nor dreamed of Corporation-doles."¹

—*Borough Election*.

Lastly, the poet in several instances dismisses the final *s* from the third person singular, after our oriental fashion. I confess to a liking for this, partly because of its ridding us of *oue* hiss from our hissing language. And why, as Forby asks, *should* there be such an addition to this single person of the verb? He remarks that the auxiliary verbs do not follow the rule; and he quotes the conjugation of Icelandic *ber* (*porto*) to prove that our Suffolk usage has very ancient precedent in its favour: first person *ber*, second *ber*, third *ber*—that is, "I bear, you bear, he bear," just as we Suffolk people now talk. Therefore, *I say*, that when Crabbe *say* so, it *do* not shoek

¹"*I am informed that some explanation is here necessary, though I am ignorant for what class of readers it can be required.*" And he goes on to explain everything; except the word, which simply means a share, whether of a boat's earnings or of Corporation funds.

CRABBE'S "SUFFOLK."

me, though I would not adopt the usage from him at this time of day. And, certainly, if I wrote verse meant to last (as I am sure Crabbe's *will* last, though I am not sure that he reckoned upon it), I would take care to stick to the tongue that Shakespeare, Bacon, and our Bible have fixed for us.

There are several instances in his books; but I content myself with two: one of which was recited at the Literary Fund Dinner by a poet, who never made any such mistakes—W. T. Fitz-Gerald—and the other passed without a comment under Johnson's own eyes.* But the old lion's eye was fast dimming then.

"When our relief from such resources *rise*,
All painful sense of obligation dies."

—*Borough Curate.*

"No; cast by fortune on a frowning coast,
Which neither groves nor happy valleys *boast*," etc.

—*Village.*

To be sure, the *rhyme* might have *misled* him, must we say? or, perhaps, what will sometimes happen, the other *plural* noun in the sentence.

One maxim of Johnson's made a deep impression on Crabbe's mind, says his Biographer: "Never fear putting the strongest and best things you can think of into the mouth of your speaker, whatever may be his condi-

* "He is not to think his copy wantonly defaced: a wet sponge will wash all the red lines away, and leave the page clean." (*Johnson on returning the MS. of "The Village" to Sir Joshua.*)

CRABBE'S "SUFFOLK."

tion." This reminds one a little of Goldsmith's joke, that if Johnson had to make animals speak, his sprats would talk as big as whales. Johnson certainly misrepresented his own great powers by acting on his own advice; and his pupil, who has been called Nature's best and sternest painter, and who certainly had as keen insight as any into the larger half of *human* nature, sometimes loses his strong outline by daubing over it. And this with subjects he had been most familiar with. He does not make fishes talk, but he himself talks of the porpoise having been seen rolling about the day before a gale—

"Dark as the cloud and furious as the storm."

And the sailor, come from sea, with his children on his knees, and his friends about him, tells them of his dangers:

"When seas ran mountains high,
When tempest raved, *when horrors veiled the sky*;
When in the yawning gulf far down we drove,
And gazed upon the *billowy mount above*,
Till up that mountain, swinging with the gale,
We view'd the horrors of the watery vale."

When did he ever hear the like at Aldbro', or elsewhere, from a *sailor's* mouth? Crabbe was thinking of Thomson and the poets of the century which he was born in, and out of which he had not quite risen into *himself*. Compare the foregoing with the old shepherd's ghost, written twenty years after, when, however, the poet began to

err from carelessness, as formerly from mistaken care, perhaps.

Having said thus much of the poet's "Suffolk," I must give one word of it from the capital biography of him by my noble old friend, his son George, Vicar of Bredfield, now gone the way of his father. In the admirable account of Mr. Tovell's farm at Parham—a perfect Dutch interior—he says that, while master and mistress were at dinner at the main table in the room, the "female servants" were "at a side table called a *Bouter*." As I could not for a long while get any explanation of this word, I thought the meaning might be a table in a bight, or *bought*, as sometimes called—that is, in an angle or corner of the room. At last I heard of some farmers who knew the thing well, that it was properly a "*Boulter* table," a sort of covered hutch, with a machine inside to boulter the meal for household use; and, when not so used, with a cover or lid to go over, which might serve as a table for a servant or a chance guest. And *Boulter* might be pronounced *Bowter* in the same way as (Moor says, and we all know) *colt* is pronounced *cowt*; cold, *cowed*; hold, *howd*, etc.

Mr. Nall was not contented with this explanation, of which the farmers made no sort of doubt; he derives the word from Dutch and Flemish *die booden*, the domestic servant. So people must please themselves between the learned etymologist who has to cross the water for a derivation, and the unetymological farmers who went no

CRABBE'S "SUFFOLK."

further for it than the thing itself, which they had been familiar with from infancy.

One story draws another. The mention of Mr. Tovell's farm has recalled it to my memory, and as it includes the poet, his biographer, and one of the most venerable of old Suffolk words, it shall close this gossip, and leave the *East Anglian* to its usual tone and topics. Whoever has read that account of Parham Farm will remember that, not *Mr.* Tovell, but "*his Missis*," is the chief figure there. She was aunt to the Miss Elmy whom the poet married, and used to boast that "she could screw up old Crabbe like a fiddle." In the "Life" there is a story of this good lady once finding one of her maids daring to scrub—the *parlour* floor!—an office sacred to Mrs. Tovell herself. "*You wash such floors as these! Get down to the scullery! As true's God's in heaven, here comes Lord Rochford to call on Mr. Tovell!*" etc. And she whips off a scrubbing-apron, which she calls *her* "*mantle*," and goes down to let his lordship in. It might have been this same servant who, having been pursued one day by her mistress, armed with a frying-pan, said, when the chase was over, and she could draw breath in safety: "Well, this I *will* say: if an angel of *Hiv'n* was to come down and live with *Mauther* for missis, she could n't give satisfaction." This the poet heard: and this his son told me—some happy day—or happy night.

[From *The East Anglian*.]

CRABBE'S "SUFFOLK."

ANECDOTE BIOGRAPHY.

AT p. 238 of Mr. Timbs's very agreeable *Anecdote Biography*, I read:—

"The author of a volume of *Pen and Ink Sketches*, published in 1847, relates that he was introduced to Crabbe at a *Conversazione* at the Beccles Philosophical Institution. The poet was seated in Cowper's arm-chair, the same which the Bard of Olney occupied at Mrs. Unwin's. 'Pleased to see you, my young friend: very pleased 'to see you,' said Crabbe to the author of the *Sketches*: and after a little while he pointed to the fine portrait of Burke by Sir Joshua Reynolds that hung near him, and said, 'Very like, very *like* indeed. I was in Sir Joshua's 'study when Burke sat for it. *Ah!* there was a man! If 'you ever come to Trowbridge,' he added, 'you must call 'at the Vicarage, and I'll show you a sketch of Burke, 'taken at Westminster Hall when he made his great 'speech in the Warren Hastings case. Edmund left it 'to me; it is only a rude pencil drawing, but it gives more 'of the orator than that picture does.'"

Having had the pleasure of knowing Beccles and the poet Crabbe's family rather intimately, I was startled with this new anecdote; and, inquiring in both these quarters, I find, first, that there never was a Philosophical Institute at Beccles; nor ever a "*Conversazione*" except *one*, in connexion with the Public Library, long after the poet's death, nor Burke's portrait, nor Cowper's arm-chair ever remembered in the town at all.

CRABBE'S "SUFFOLK."

"Beccles," however, may be a slip of the author's or transcriber's pen for Norwich, where Crabbe usually spent a day or two with Mrs. Opie when he came this way, and where Cowper's arm-chair, at least, may very likely have been produced at some such *Conversazione*; but whence the portrait of Burke, at the painting of which "I was in Sir Joshua's study," &c.? As to the "pencil drawing" of Burke making "his great speech," and left "*by Edmund to me*"! nothing is remembered of it by any one of the poet's surviving family; one of whom, most competent to speak, is quite certain that "it did *not* exist "when the property was divided" between the poet's two sons at his death; and such a relic was not likely to be overlooked. The same person observes on the utter improbability of the language put into the poet's mouth: "How difficult it was ever to get him to speak in the country of the great people he fell in with in town;" how very little given he was to invite strangers to his house: "not always civil to such as broke in upon him," as a celebrity: that whether "*Edmund left it to me*" were a *fact*, such were "*certainly* not his words" in telling it; "he would have said 'Mr. Burke,'" being, as every one who knew him knows, somewhat *over-formal* in such punctilio.

PARATHINA.

[From *Notes and Queries*, 18 Aug., 1860.]

EXTRACTS FROM FITZGERALD'S
LETTERS RELATING TO THE
" LAMB CALENDAR."

To J. R. Lowell.

Woodbridge, April 4, 1878.

.
Now I enclose you a little work of mine which I hope does no irreverence to the Man it talks of. It is meant quite otherwise. I often got puzzled, in reading Lamb's Letters, about some Data in his Life to which the Letters referred; so I drew up the enclosed for my own behoof, and then thought that others might be glad of it also. If I set down his Miseries, and the one Failing for which those Miseries are such a Justification, I only set down what has been long and publicly known, and what, except in a Noodle's eyes, must enhance the dear Fellow's character, instead of lessening it. 'Saint Charles!' said Thackeray to me thirty years ago, putting one of C. L.'s letters¹ to his forehead; and old Wordsworth said of him: 'If there be a Good Man, Charles Lamb is one!'

To C. E. Norton.

Woodbridge, April 17, '78.

. . . Only you will certainly read my last Great Work, which I enclose, drawn up first for my own benefit,

¹That to Bernard Barton about Mitford's vases, December 1, 1824.

“LAMB CALENDAR.”

in reading Lamb's Letters, as now printed in batches, to his several Correspondents; and so I thought others than myself might be glad of a few Data to refer the letters to. Pollock calls my Paper 'Côtelette d'Agneau à la minute.'

[The “Lamb Calendar,” with additions in FitzGerald's writing, is printed in photographic facsimile herewith, by the kind permission of the owner, Mr. W. Irving Way, of Chicago, and of Mr. J. A. Spoor, for whose bibliography of Lamb the plates were made. The foot-notes printed in italics are further additions by FitzGerald to the copy used by Mr. W. Aldis Wright.]

CHARLES LAMB,

- 1775 Born February 10, in Crown Office Row, Middle Temple, where his Father, John Lamb, (Elias* *Lovell*) was confidential Factotum to Samuel Salt, one of the Benchers. John Lamb had two other children; John (*James Elia*) born in 1763, and a clerk in the South Sea House; Mary (Bridget Elia) born in 1765.
- 1782 Charles Lamb sent to Christ's Hospital, where Jem White an officer; and Coleridge, George Dyer, and Le Grice, his school-fellows.
- 1789 Leaves School.
- 1792 Made Clerk in the East India House; occasionally meeting Coleridge (from Cambridge) at the "Salutation and Cat," 17, Newgate Street; and by him introduced to Southey, and Charles Lloyd, all warm with Poetry, Pantisocracy, &c.
- 1795 Living with paralyzed Father, Mother, aged Aunt, and Sister Mary, on their united means of about £180 a year, at 7, Little Queen's Street, Holborn.
- 1796 At the end of last year, and beginning of this, C. L. for six weeks in a mad-house at Hoxton. Soon after this, his Brother John (who does not live with the Family) is brought home to be nursed by them after an accident which threatened his own mind also. And on September 22, Mary Lamb, worn out with nursing her Family, kills her Mother, beside wounding her Father, in a fit of insanity. Charles wrests the knife from her hand and places her in

* "Call him *Elia*," C. L. to Taylor, his publisher

a Private—he will not hear of a *Public*—Asylum, for so long as his Father survives.

- 1797 His Father dying, and carrying with him what pension he had from Mr. Salt, Charles takes his sister home, and lives with her on little more than his Clerkship of £100 a year. The old Aunt who lived with them dies at the beginning of the year: and another Aunt (Hetty) who had been taken to live with a Kinswoman is returned home at the end of it* to linger out nearly three years with them. In the meanwhile, Charles visits Coleridge in Somersetshire, where he meets Wordsworth.
- 1798 Poems by C. Lloyd and C. Lamb published, some of which had been included in a previous volume of Coleridge's, who goes to Germany at Midsummer; up to which time he was Lamb's chief correspondent and adviser. After which,
- 1799 Correspondence with Southey; toward the end of the year introduction by C. Lloyd to Manning, Mathematical Tutor at Cambridge: who becomes Lamb's most intimate friend and correspondent till his departure for China.
- 800 Established with Mary at 16, Mitre Court Buildings.¹ Correspondence with Wordsworth begins.
- 1801 "John Woodvil" published. About this time Lamb comes to know Godwin and Hazlitt.
- 1800² Visit with Mary to Coleridge at Keswick[†], who, afterward engaging to write for the Morning Post, gets Lamb to jest for it, at £2 2s. a week.

* I find but *one* Aunt named by Lamb's biographers; but the oversight may be mine. Certainly *two* are named as above in Lamb's letters to Coleridge 19, 22; and 29, 34.

** His only visit to Lakes.*

¹ Before settling here, he had lived at [15] Chapel Street, Pentonville; where he fell in love—for the first and only time—with Hester Savory, the Quaker.

[² This should be 1802.]

- 1803 No literary work : punning for the "Post" discontinued.
- 1804 No *Letter* extant, save one to Southey : but much drink and smoke by night, and depression by day : a condition which, as we know from his own, and his sister's letters, had begun some years before, and lasted some years after.
- 1806 Manning goes to China. "Mr. H." written in a 3s. per week room, acted at Drury Lane and damned.
- 1807 Tales from "Shakespeare" by C. and M. Lamb.
- 1808 "Specimens of Old Dramatists:" "Adventures of Ulysses;" "Mrs. Leicester's School:" and, soon after,¹ "Poetry for Children." in all which, except the two first, Sister and Brother have a hand.
- 1809 Removal to 4, Inner Temple Lane,² where the "Wednesday nights."
- 1817 Removed to³ Great Russell Street, corner of Bow Street, (once Will's Coffee House) by and by taking also a lodging at 14, Kingsland Road, Dalston, to escape from over-much company.
- 1820 "Elia" begun with London Magazine.
- 1821 John Lamb dies.
- 1822 Trip to France with Mary, who taken ill, and left with a friend at Amiens while Charles runs to Paris, sees Talma, &c. *He only is abroad*
- 1823 Elia published separately : difference and reconciliation with Southey ; and removal from lodgings to Colebrooke (Colnbrook) Cottage, Islington, as householders. During a holiday at Cambridge becomes acquainted with, and finally adopts, Emma Isola, orphan daughter of an Italian refugee and Esquire Bedell there.

¹ (1810)

² "*top-story*" interpolated after word Lane.

[³ No. 21.]

- 1825 Pensioned off by the India House on £450 a year, with a small deduction for Mary in case of her surviving him.¹
- 1827 Removes from Islington to a small furnished house at Enfield Chase, where he had previously lodged from time to time.
- 1829 His old servant Becky having married and left, and his sister too much worried with housekeeping, they go to lodge and board with Mr. and Mrs. Westwood next door, in Enfield.
- 1833 To "Bay Cottage," Church Street, Edmonton, to board and lodge with Mr. and Mrs. Walden, under whose care Mary had previously been. Emma Isola marries Moxon the Publisher at Midsummer.
- 1834 Coleridge dies July 25; and Charles Lamb Dec. 24.²

On removing from Islington to Enfield in 1827 Lamb had written to Hood;

"To change habitations is to die with them, and in my time I have died seven deaths. My household deaths have been all periodical, recurring after seven years."

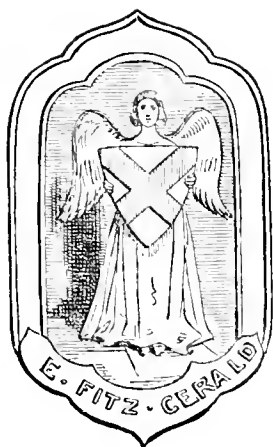
This may include some minor removals; such as one for a few months in 1809 to Southampton Buildings, Holborn.

*His Summer Holidays usually
passed at either of Gloucestershire,
some Sea-side place (as he hated
I think) visit as to Haydon in
Wilt. : But sometimes not
leaving London*

¹As she did for 13 years: dying May, 1847.

²He left £2000—all his Earnings—for his Sister's use.

BIBLIOGRAPHY



FITZGERALD'S BOOK-PLATE.

DRAWN BY THACKERAY. THE ANGEL IS SAID TO BE
A PORTRAIT OF MRS. BROOKFIELD.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED

EUPHRANOR | A DIALOGUE ON YOUTH |

LONDON | WILLIAM PICKERING | 1851 |

(See facsimile title, Vol. I, p. 137.)

Small 8°. Page measure, $4\frac{1}{8} \times 6\frac{11}{16}$ ins.

Collation: title,—printers' name, JOHN CHILDS AND SON, BUNGAY, on verso; pages [1]–81, text; Errata and printers' name on page 82, unnumbered.

Green cloth boards with stamped sides; word EUPHRANOR, in ornamental border, stamped vertically on back in gold.

POLONIUS: | A COLLECTION | OF | WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES. |

LONDON: | WILLIAM PICKERING. | 1852. |

(See facsimile title, Vol. V, p. 199.)

Square 8°. Page measure, $5 \times 6\frac{13}{16}$ ins.

Collation: title,—printers' name, JOHN CHILDS AND SON, BUNGAY, on verso; pages [i]–xvi, preface; page [1], title repeated without place, publisher's name, or date; pages ii–cxlii, text; pages cxlii–cxlv, index; page cxlvi, Errata and printers' name, unnumbered.

Double-rule borders round all pages except verso of title.

Green cloth, with ornamental borders stamped on sides. | LA |

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

VERDAD | ES SIÉMPRE | VERDE. | *in rustic capitals, within wreath, stamped on first cover, and POLONIUS stamped vertically on back in gold.*

SIX DRAMAS | OF | CALDERON. | FREELY TRANSLATED | BY | EDWARD FITZGERALD. |

LONDON: | WILLIAM PICKERING. | MDCCCLIII. |

(See facsimile titles, Vol. IV, pp. 1 and 3.)

Small 8°. Page measure, $4\frac{1}{8} \times 6\frac{11}{16}$ ins.

Collation: half title, verso blank; title,—JOHN CHILDS AND SON, BUNGAY, on verso; pages [v]—viii, advertisement; page [1], title of THE PAINTER OF HIS OWN DISHONOUR and Dramatis Personæ; verso blank; pages [3]—58, text; page [59], title, KEEP YOUR OWN SECRET; verso, Dramatis Personæ; pages [61]—102, text; page [103], title, GIL PEREZ, THE GALLICIAN; verso, Dramatis Personæ; pages [105]—142, text; page [143], title, THREE JUDGMENTS AT A BLOW; verso, Dramatis Personæ; pages [145]—189, text; page [190], blank; page [191], title, THE MAYOR OF ZALAMEA; verso, Dramatis Personæ; pages [193]—228, text; page [229], title, BEWARE OF SMOOTH WATER; verso, Dramatis Personæ; pages [231]—273, text; verso, JOHN CHILDS AND SON, BUNGAY; and an unnumbered page of Errata, verso blank.

Crimson watered cloth boards; back divided by four blind-stamped bands; lettered in gold, in second division from top, | TRANSLATIONS | FROM | CALDERON |, and in fourth division, | E. F. G. |.

The only book of FitzGerald's in which his name appears. A flippant notice of it in *The Athenæum* hurt him so that he withdrew from the publishers all unsold copies.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

EUPHRANOR, | A DIALOGUE ON YOUTH. |

SECOND EDITION. |

LONDON: | JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, WEST
STRAND. | 1855.

(See facsimile title, Vol. II, p. 131.)

Small 8°. Page measure, $4\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1\frac{3}{4}}{16}$ ins.

Collation: title,—JOHN CHILDS AND SON, BUNGAY, on verso; pages [1]–87, text; page 88, blank; pages [89]–101, Appendix; printers' name repeated on verso of page 101.

Green cloth boards, lettered vertically on back, in gold, EUPHRANOR, in ornamental border. Some copies were only stitched in the most primitive way, without cover of any kind.

SALÁMÁN AND ABSÁL. | AN ALLEGORY. | TRANS-
LATED FROM THE PERSIAN | OF | JÁMI. |

LONDON: | J. W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND. |
MDCCCLVI. |

(See facsimile title and frontispiece, Vol. I, pp. 38 and 39.)

Small 4to. Page measure, $5\frac{7}{8} \times 8\frac{3}{16}$ ins.

Collation: steel frontispiece facing page [i], title, on verso of which JOHN CHILDS AND SON, BUNGAY; pages [iii]–viii, letter to Professor Cowell; [ix]–xvi, Life of Jámi; pages [1]–75, text; page 76, blank; pages [77]–84, Appendix. All pages, except 76, with single-rule border.

Bright blue cloth boards; blind-stamped straight-lined border on sides; | SALÁMÁN | AND | ABSÁL. | stamped in gold, from special die, on front cover; same words, in similar letters, within border with end ornaments, vertically, in gold on back.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

RUBÁIYÁT | OF | OMAR KHAYYÁM, | THE ASTRONOMER-POET OF PERSIA. | TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE. |

LONDON: | BERNARD QUARITCH, | CASTLE STREET,
LEICESTER SQUARE. | 1859. |

(See facsimile title, Vol. I, p. 3.)

Square 8°. Page measure, $6\frac{5}{16} \times 8\frac{1}{8}$ ins.

*Collation: title; in centre of verso, G. NORMAN, PRINTER,
MAIDEN LANE, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON: pages [iii]–xiii,
OMAR KHAYYÁM, THE ASTRONOMER-POET OF PERSIA: page
[xiv], blank; pages [1]–16, text; pages [17]–21, notes;
page 22, blank.*

Containing seventy-five Rubáiyát.

*Brown paper wrapper; first cover printed from title-page
with addition of double-rule border with ornaments at corners.
250 copies were printed for the author, who gave 200 of
them to Mr. Quaritch.*

*Although this, in common with all FitzGerald's books, was
issued "cut," an uncut (and unopened) copy in the original
covers was sold at Bangs' Auction Rooms, on 13th February,
1901, for \$260.*

RUBÁIYÁT | OF | OMAR KHAYYÁM, | RE- PRINTED PRIVATELY FROM THE LONDON EDITION; | WITH AN EXTRACT | FROM THE | CALCUTTA REVIEW, | No. LIX, MARCH, 1856; | A NOTE BY M. GARCIN DE TASSY, | AND | A FEW ADDITIONAL QUATRAINS | [LINE] MADRAS: | 1862.

*8°. Limp green cloth, with label with title, | RUBÁIYÁT | OF
OMAR KHAYYÁM |, within an ornamental border, pasted on
top cover.*

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Collation: page [i], title, as above; on verso, "Fifty Copies Printed." between two lines; second title, as under: | Rubáiyát | of | Omar Khayyám, | the Astronomer Poet of Persia | Translated into English Verse. | [Line.] | London: | Bernard Quaritch, | Castle Street, Leicester Square. | 1859 | [Line.] Madras: | Reprinted from the London edition. | 1862. | ; verso blank; pages [i]—x, introduction, headed as in London edition; pages [1]—13, text; pages [14]—17, notes; page 18, blank and unnumbered; page [1], title, as under: | Note | sur | Les Rubáiyát de 'Omar Khayyám | par M. Garcin de Tassy, | Membre de l'Institut. | [Line.] Paris. | Imprimerie Impériale. | [Line.] MDCCCLVII. | ; verso blank; pages [3]—7, text; page 8, blank and unnumbered; pages [1]—14, "From the Calcutta Review, No. LIX, March, 1856." ; pages 15—17, "Some More of Omar's Quatrains" ; page 18, blank and unnumbered.

This is the first reprint of FitzGerald's Rubáiyát, and I am indebted for the above description of this very rare edition to Colonel W. F. Prideaux's "Notes for a Bibliography of Edward FitzGerald." London, Frank Hollings, 1901.

Colonel Prideaux further says:

"Of the contents of this very scarce brochure, the 'Rubáiyát' are a literal reprint of the first London edition; the note by the learned Orientalist, M. Garcin de Tassy, is reprinted from the Journal Asiatique; the article from the Calcutta Review was written by Prof. E. B. Cowell; and the additional quatrains, fifteen in number, and dated 'Adiyár, Dec. 20, 1862,' are by Dr. Whitley Stokes, who is understood to have been the editor of the volume. The copy which I have had the advantage of using has also six additional quatrains, together with a note by Dr. Stokes, pasted into appropriate places in the text, together with a few interesting additions in manuscript and print."

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

[TWO DRAMAS FROM CALDERON.] THE MIGHTY MAGICIAN.—“SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF.”

(See facsimile title of “Such Stuff as Dreams are Made of,” Vol. V, p. 97.)

Small 8°. Page measure, $4\frac{3}{16}$ x $6\frac{11}{16}$ ins.

Collation: no title-page; the book begins with sig. B, unnumbered, THE MIGHTY MAGICIAN [Line] and Dramatis Personæ; verso blank; pages [1]–63, text; page 64, blank; page [65.] sig. F, “SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF”; verso, Dramatis Personæ; pages [67]–131, text; verso, JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

About 100 copies printed some time between November, 1864, and February, 1865. The plays were printed separately, for private distribution. “The Mighty Magician” first; and it is said (in the *Catalogue of a portion of the Library of Edmund Gosse, London, 1893*) that more copies of it were given out than of the second.

AGAMEMNON. | A TRAGEDY, | TAKEN FROM ÆSCHY- LUS. |

(See facsimile title, Vol. II, p. 239.)

Small 8°. Page measure, $4\frac{7}{8}$ x $7\frac{1}{4}$ ins.

Collation: page [1], half title, AGAMEMNON; verso blank; page [3], title; verso blank; pages [5]–6, [introduction]; page [7], blank; page [8], Dramatis Personæ; pages [9]–63, text; page [64], blank.

Dark blue paper wrappers. No date or imprint.

My copy has a printed slip pasted over the footnote on page 6. See Vol. II, p. 242.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

RUBÁIYÁT | OF | OMAR KHAYYÁM, | THE ASTRONOMER-POET OF PERSIA. | SECOND EDITION. |

LONDON: | BERNARD QUARITCH, | PICCADILLY, |
1868 |

(See facsimile title, Vol. II, p. 3.)

Square 8°. Page measure, $6\frac{5}{16} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ ins.

Collation: page [i], title; at bottom of verso, JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS, with thin rule above; pages [iii]–xviii, OMAR KHAYYÁM, THE ASTRONOMER-POET OF PERSIA; pages [1]–23, text; page [24], blank; pages [25]–30, NOTES.

Containing one hundred and ten Rubáiyát.

Brown paper wrapper; first cover printed from title-page with addition of double-ruled border with ornaments at corners.

In August, 1895, Mr. Quaritch wrote that he would report to me when he had secured a copy of either the 1st, 2d or 3d editions of the Rubáiyát. He supplied me with the 1st and 3d; but never reported the 2d, which he said was “at least as rare as the 1st.”

The first American edition of FitzGerald's “Rubáiyát” was a private issue of seventy-five or one hundred copies, made for Colonel James Watson, Dr. Starling Loving, Mr. E. L. Dewitt, and a coterie of Omar enthusiasts, who had vainly tried to secure copies of the Quaritch imprints. It is a close reproduction of the London issue of 1868, omitting on cover and title place, publisher's name, and date. It was issued in the summer of 1870. Nevins and Meyers were the printers. An interesting article on this edition by Miss Lida Rose McCabe appeared in *The Book Buyer* for June, 1902.

SALÁMÁN AND ABSÁL. | AN ALLEGORY. | FROM THE PERSIAN | OF | JÁMI.

| IPSWICH: | COWELL'S STEAM PRINTING WORKS,
BUTTER MARKET. | 1871.

(See facsimile frontispiece and title, Vol. II, pp. 52 and 53.)

Square 8°. Page measure, $6\frac{3}{4} \times 8\frac{3}{8}$ ins.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Collation: steel frontispiece facing title; title, verso blank; pages [1]–42, text; pages 43–45, Appendix; page 46, blank. Brown paper cover without print of any kind. Sometimes bound in maroon cloth boards, with green morocco back, on which is stamped SALÁMÁN & ABSÁL vertically in gold. Copies of this edition are also found bound up with the Life of Jâmi taken from the edition of 1856.

RUBÁIYÁT | OF | OMAR KHAYYÁM, | THE ASTRONOMER-POET OF PERSIA. | THIRD EDITION. |

LONDON: | BERNARD QUARITCH, | PICCADILLY. |
1872. |

(See facsimile title, Vol. III, p. 3.)

Small 4°. Page measure, $6\frac{3}{16}$ x $8\frac{5}{8}$ ins.

Collation: page [i], title; in centre of verso, | LONDON: | G. NORMAN AND SON, PRINTERS, MAIDEN LANE, | COVENT GARDEN. | ; pages [iii]–xxv, OMAR KHAYYÁM, THE ASTRONOMER-POET OF PERSIA; pages [1]–27, text; pages [28]–36, notes; every page, except verso of title, having double-lined border with ornaments at corners, as on title.

Containing one hundred and one Rubáiyát.

Maroon cloth, with dark green smooth morocco back, lettered upward in gold, RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM.

AGAMEMNON | A TRAGEDY | TAKEN FROM ÆSCHYLUS. |

| LONDON: | BERNARD QUARITCH, | 15 PICCADILLY. | 1876. |

(See facsimile title, Vol. III, p. 195.)

Small 4°. Page measure, $6\frac{5}{8}$ x $8\frac{1}{2}$ ins.

Collation: page [i], title; on verso, The edition consists of 250 copies. BERNARD QUARITCH; pages [iii]–vi, preface;

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

page [vii], Dramatis Personæ; page [viii], border with scroll in centre; pages [1]–79, text; page 80, border with scroll in centre. All text enclosed in double-line border with ornaments at corners, as on title.

Maroon cloth, with very dark green smooth morocco back, lettered upward, AGAMEMNON OF ÆSCHYLUS.

RUBÁIYÁT | OF | OMAR KHAYYÁM; | AND THE | SALÁMÁN AND ÁBSÁL | OF | JÁMÍ; | RENDERED INTO ENGLISH VERSE. |

| BERNARD QUARITCH; 15 PICCADILLY, LONDON. |
1879. |

(See facsimile frontispiece and titles, Vol. III, pages 2,
5, 7, 9 and 43.)

Square 8°. Page measure, $5\frac{1}{16}$ x $6\frac{15}{16}$ ins.

Collation: | POEMS | FROM THE | PERSIAN | ; verso, border; blank page; frontispiece facing title; general title; verso, in centre, | LONDON: | G. NORMAN AND SON, PRINTERS, MAIDEN LANE, | COVENT GARDEN. | ; page [i], title to Rubáiyát; verso, border with ornament in centre; pages [iii]–xv, OMAR KHAYYÁM, THE ASTRONOMER-POET OF PERSIA; page [xvi], border with ornament in centre; pages [1]–27, text; pages [28]–35, notes; page [36], border, ornament in centre; page [37], SALÁMÁN | AND | ÁBSÁL. | ; page [38], border with ornament in centre; pages [39]–50, NOTICE OF JÁMÍ'S LIFE; pages [51]–107, text; pages [108]–112, Appendix. Every page, except obverse of frontispiece, within single-line border with floriated corner-pieces.

Maroon cloth boards with dark green straight-grained morocco back; lettered horizontally in gold, | THE | RUBAIYAT |

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

OF | OMAR | KHAYYAM | ——— | SALAMAN | AND | ABSAL | OF |
JAMH. | *ENGLISH VERSIONS*, 1879.

Containing one hundred and one Rubáiyát, differing very slightly from the third edition.

[READINGS IN CRABBE.]

[1879]

Small 8°. Page measure, $4\frac{1}{16} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ ins.

*Collation: page [i], half title, | READINGS | IN | CRABBE'S
"TALES OF THE HALL" | ; page [ii], blank; pages [iii, iv],
introductory note; pages [1]–242, text; imprint at bottom
of page 242, BILLING AND SONS, PRINTERS, GUILDFORD,
SURREY.*

*Red cloth boards; lettered upward on back, READINGS IN
CRABBE.*

Three hundred and fifty copies were printed, of which a few copies were given to friends; the rest remained in sheets which, with additions, were published in 1882 and 1883.

THE | DOWNFALL AND DEATH | OF | KING
ŒDIPUS. | A DRAMA IN TWO PARTS. | CHIEFLY
TAKEN FROM THE | ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS AND COLO-
NEUS OF | SOPHOCLES. | THE INTER-ACT CHORUSES
ARE FROM POTTER. |

(See facsimile title, Vol. VI, p. 13.)

8°. Page measure, $5\frac{3}{16} \times 8\frac{1}{16}$ ins.

*Collation: pages [i]–viii, dedicatory letter to Professor
Norton; page [1], title; page [2], blank; page [3], PART
I. | ŒDIPUS IN THEBES. | DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. | ; page [4],
blank; pages [5]–46, text; at bottom of page 46, BILLING
AND SONS, PRINTERS AND ELECTROTYPERS, GUILDFORD, *with
rule above*; page [3], half title, | THE DOWNFALL AND
DEATH OF | KING ŒDIPUS. | PART II. | ŒDIPUS AT ATHENS. |*

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. | ; page [4], blank; pages [5]–45, text;
at bottom of page 45, | BILLING AND SONS, PRINTERS AND
ELECTROTYPERS, GUILDFORD | ; verso blank.
Pale blue paper wrapper; quite plain.

Fifty copies were printed of Part I in February, 1880, and fifty copies of Part II in February, 1881. The dedicatory letter was first printed with Part II. The whole was revised by FitzGerald and sent to Professor Norton on 25th January, 1882. The two parts are sometimes found separate, each in blue wrappers, the page of Part II being somewhat larger than Part I. They also occur together in one wrapper; and I have seen three copies each bound in half-morocco, marbled paper sides, lettered upwards in gold on the back, | Downfall and Death of King Œdipus. Fitzgerald. | in upper- and lower-case type.

READINGS IN CRABBE. | “TALES OF THE HALL.” |

| LONDON: BERNARD QUARITCH. | 1882. |

Small 8°.

*Collation: page [i], title; page [ii], blank; pages [iii]–xiv, introduction; pages [xv, xvi], blank; pages [1]–242, text; a note, with a quotation from a tale not included in the volume, is pasted on page 242, above imprint, | BILLING AND SONS, PRINTERS, GUILDFORD, SURREY |, below rule.
Green cloth boards; lettered across back in gold, CRABBE.*

READINGS IN CRABBE. | “TALES OF THE HALL.” |

| LONDON: BERNARD QUARITCH. | 1883. |

Small 8°. Page measure, $4\frac{1}{16}$ x $6\frac{1}{2}$ ins.

Collation: page [i], title; page [ii], blank; pages [iii]–xvi,

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

introduction; pages [1]–242, text; page [243], note and quotation; verso blank.

Crimson cloth boards; lettered across back in gold, | READ-INGS | IN | CRABBE | .

THE TWO GENERALS. I. LUCIUS ÆMILIUS PAULLUS. II. SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

Small 4to. Eight pages, last two blank.

CHARLES LAMB.

Four pages. Size, $4\frac{7}{8}$ x $7\frac{1}{4}$ ins.

See photographic reproduction, pages 131–4 of this volume.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO PERIODICALS AND BOOKS.

THE MEADOWS IN SPRING.

Hone's Year-Book, 30 April, 1831, and The Athenæum, 9 July, 1831.

CHIRONOMOROS.

Signed "Anon." in Fulcher's Poetical Miscellany. Published by G. W. Fulcher, Sudbury, and Suttaby & Co., London [1841].

THE TABLE-TALK | OF JOHN SELDEN | ESQ. | WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE AND NOTES | BY S. W. SINGER, ESQ. |

| LONDON | WILLIAM PICKERING | 1847 |

The Notes were largely the work of FitzGerald.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

SELECTIONS | FROM | THE POEMS AND LETTERS | OF |
BERNARD BARTON. | EDITED | BY HIS DAUGHTER. |

| LONDON: | HALL, VIRTUE, AND CO., 25 PATER-
NOSTER ROW. | MDCCCXLIX. |

*The Memoir (pages ix-xxvi) is by FitzGerald and is re-
printed in this volume.*

THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

The Gentleman's Magazine, November, 1857.

The following nine items appeared in *The East Anglian*; or,
Notes and Queries on Subjects connected with the Counties of
Suffolk, Cambridge, Essex, and Norfolk. Edited by Samuel
Tymms. Lowestoft: Samuel Tymms, 60 High Street. Lon-
don: Whittaker and Co., Ave Maria Lane.

PLAY STALLS. *Signed F.*

Vol. I, p. 71, April, 1860.

ORWELL WANDS. *Signed F.*

Vol. I, p. 76, April, 1860.

EAST ANGLIAN SONGS. *Signed F.*

Vol. I, p. 139, July, 1860.

THE VOCABULARY OF THE SEABOARD. *Signed F.*

Vol. I, p. 141, July, 1860.

SEA WORDS AND PHRASES ALONG THE SUFFOLK COAST.

Vol. III, pp. 347-363, December, 1868.

SEA WORDS AND PHRASES ALONG THE SUFFOLK COAST.

Vol. IV, pp. 109-120.

ADDITIONS TO FORBY'S VOCABULARY OF EAST ANGLIA.

Vol. IV, pp. 128-9.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

ERRATA *to above.*

Vol. IV, p. 156.

A CAPFULL OF SEA-SLANG FOR CHRISTMAS.

Vol. IV, pp. 261-4.

FitzGerald had the two papers on "Sea Words and Phrases" and "A Capfull of Sea-Slang" stitched in wrappers for presentation to friends. The paper cover, which is pink, is reproduced in Vol. VI, p. 203. The pagination runs: 347-363, verso blank; [1]-12; [1]-4.

The following twelve items appeared in *Notes and Queries*, signed *Parathina*. Being but queries or replies they are not reprinted in this edition, nor are the first three items from the *East Anglian*.

ANECDOTE BIOGRAPHY.

18 August, 1860.

OLD ENGLISH TUNES.

18 August, 1860.

GONGE: THE CONGE, YARMOUTH.

18 August, 1860.

LATIN, GREEK, AND ROMAN METRES.

18 August, 1860.

HARMONIOUS BLACKSMITH.

22 September, 1860.

BACHAUMONT'S MÉMOIRES SECRETS, LONDRES, 1778.

8 December, 1860.

EAST ANGLIAN WORDS.

26 January, 1861.

FRANCE PAST AND PRESENT.

9 February, 1861.

DRYDEN'S PREFACES.

16 February, 1861.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

11 May, 1861.

MEMORANDA.

11 May, 1861.

DETRUS [PETRUS].

25 May, 1861.

The following nine items appeared in *The Ipswich Journal*
(*Suffolk Notes and Queries*), signed *Effigy*.

DEATH OF BERNARD BARTON.

24 February, 1849.

FUNERAL OF BERNARD BARTON.

3 March, 1849.

LIMB.

(No. VII.) 1877-78.

REV. JOHN CARTER OF BRAMFORD.

(No. VII.) 1877-78.

DUZZY.

(No. XIX.) 1877-78.

EAST ANGLIAN QUERY, *as to the rime*

*"He who would old England win
At Weybourne Hoope must first begin."*

(No. XXI.) 1877-78.

NORFOLK SUPERSTITION AS TO ALL HALLOW'S EVE.

(No. XXII.)

MAJOR MOOR, DAVID HUME, AND THE ROYAL GEORGE.

(No. XXIII.) 1877-78.

SUFFOLK MINSTRELSY.

(No. L.) 1877-78.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE AND BALDOCK BLACK HORSE.
Temple Bar, January, 1880.

VIRGIL'S GARDEN LAID OUT À LA DELILLE.
Temple Bar, April, 1882.

POSTHUMOUS EDITIONS.

WORKS OF | EDWARD FITZGERALD | TRANS-
LATOR OF OMAR KHAYYÁM | REPRINTED | FROM THE
ORIGINAL IMPRESSIONS, WITH SOME CORRECTIONS |
DERIVED FROM HIS OWN ANNOTATED COPIES | IN TWO
VOLUMES. |

NEW YORK AND BOSTON: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN
& CO. LONDON: BERNARD QUARITCH. 1887.

8°. Page measure, 6 x $8\frac{15}{16}$ ins.; large paper, $7\frac{1}{8}$ x $10\frac{5}{8}$ ins.
Collation: VOL. I: page [i], half title; page [ii], blank; in-
serted leaf, portrait on verso; page [iii], title; page [iv], im-
print of De Vinne Press in centre of page; page [v], dedica-
tion; page [vi], blank; pages [vii]–xxii, Biographical
Preface; pages [xxiii.] xxi, poem to Edward FitzGerald;
pages [xxv]–xxx, Omar Khayyám's Grave; title to Omar
Khayyám (unnumbered), verso blank; pages [1]–17, LIFE
OF OMAR KHAYYÁM; page [18], blank; inserted leaf with cut
of Omar's tomb on verso; pages [19]–94, RUBÁIYÁT, text
(First and Fourth editions) and notes; page [95], title to
"SALÁMÁN AND ABSÁL"; verso blank; pages [97]–107,
JÁMÍ'S LIFE; page [108], blank; inserted leaf with frontis-
piece on verso; pages [109]–162, text and notes; page
[163], AGAMEMNON, title; verso blank; pages [165]–243,
Preface and text; page [244], blank; page [245], half title,
"EUPHRANOR"; page [246], blank; page [247], title to
"EUPHRANOR," Third edition; page [248], blank; pages
[249]–328, text; page [329], "POLONIUS," half title;

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

page [330], blank; page [331], title; page [332], blank; pages [333]–457, Preface and text; page [458], blank; pages [459]–460, Index (to Polonius); page [461], “ESSAYS ON CRABBE”; verso blank; page [463], title to “READINGS IN CRABBE”; verso blank; pages [465]–477, “CRABBE’S TALES OF THE HALL”; page [478], wholly blank; all other pages above noted as blank have a double-lined border with corner-pieces and centre ornament imprinted on them, like the rest of the book, excepting the inserted leaves.

Vol. II: page [i], half title; verso blank; page [iii], title; verso blank; page [v], SIX DRAMAS OF CALDERON, title; verso blank; pages [vii]–ix, advertisement; page [x], blank; pages [11]–454, text; page [455], Errata; page 456, blank; page 457, half title, SUFFOLK SEA PHRASES; verso blank; page 459, title; verso blank; pages [461]–529, text; page [530], blank; page [531], Table of Contents; verso blank.

[Note. The Text of the Dramas appears to begin, as above noted, with page 11.]

Bound in smooth dark blue cloth; paper label on back, lettered, | WORKS OF | EDWARD | FITZGERALD | (line) | VOL. I.

LETTERS | AND | LITERARY REMAINS | OF | EDWARD FITZGERALD | EDITED BY | WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT | IN THREE VOLUMES | VOL. I |

LONDON: | MACMILLAN AND CO. | AND NEW
YORK. | 1889

[*All rights reserved.*]

8°. *Page measure, $4\frac{7}{8} \times 7\frac{3}{8}$ ins.*

Collation: VOL. I: page [i], half title; page [ii], publishers’ monogram in centre; inserted leaf with steel-engraving of FitzGerald on verso; page [iii], title; verso blank; page

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

[v], *Contents; verso blank; pages [vii]–xii, preface; pages [1]–499, letters of Edward FitzGerald; page [500], blank; pages [501]–502, Index to letters; two-page list of Macmillan's publications.*

VOL. II: *page [i], half title; page [ii], as in Vol. I; page [iii], blank; page [iv], woodcut of "Little Grange"; page [v], title; page [vi], in centre of page: CAMBRIDGE: | PRINTED BY C. J. CLAY, M. A., AND SONS, | AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS. | ; page [vii], Contents; verso blank; pages [1]–66, EUPHRANOR; page [67], SIX DRAMAS | OF | CALDERON, | title; verso blank; pages [69]–429, text; page [430], blank; page [431], A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW | OF | FARÍD-UDDÍN ATTAR'S | BIRD-PARLIAMENT. | , title; page [432], note; pages [433]–482, text; pages [483]–488, THE TWO GENERALS.*

VOL. III: *page [i], half title; page [ii], as in Vol. I; inserted frontispiece to "Salámán and Absál"; page [iii], title and verso as in Vol. II; page [v], Contents; verso blank; page [1], THE MIGHTY MAGICIAN, title; page [2], extract from letter; page [3], Dramatis Personæ; verso blank; pages [5]–76, text; page [77], "SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS | ARE MADE OF" | , title; page [78], Dramatis Personæ; pages [79]–155, text; page [156], blank; page [157], THE | DOWNFALL AND DEATH | OF | KING ŒDIPUS | , title; verso blank; pages [159]–166, letter to C. E. Norton; page [167], ŒDIPUS IN THEBES, title; page [168], Dramatis Personæ; pages [169]–215, text; page [216], blank; page [217], Part II. | ŒDIPUS IN ATHENS, title; page [218], Dramatis Personæ; pages [219]–264, text; page [265], AGAMEMNON, title; page [266], note; pages [267]–269, Preface; page [270], Dramatis Personæ; pages [271]–331, text; page [332], blank; page [333], OMAR KHAYYÁM, title; page [334], blank; pages [335]–372, text of Fifth edition; [373]–386, text of First edition; pages [387]–396, variations of Second, Third, and Fourth editions; page [397],*

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

SALÁMÁN AND ABSÁL, *title; verso blank; pages [399]–457, text and notes; pages 458–461, BREDFIELD HALL; pages 461–464, CHRONOMOROS; pages 464–466, VIRGIL'S GARDEN; page 466, FROM PETRARCH; pages 467–479, PREFACE TO POLONIUS; pages 480–491, INTRODUCTION TO READINGS IN CRABBE; page 492, WRITTEN BY PETRARCH IN HIS VIRGIL. Red cloth boards; lettered at top, on back, in gold, | LETTERS | AND | LITERARY | REMAINS | OF | EDWARD | FITZGERALD | VOL. I | ; and at bottom, MACMILLAN & Co.*

LETTERS | OF | EDWARD FITZGERALD | IN TWO VOLUMES | VOL. I. | [II]

| LONDON | MACMILLAN AND CO. | AND NEW
YORK | 1894 | *All rights reserved.*

8°. *Page measure, $4\frac{3}{4} \times 7$ ins.*

Collation: VOL. I: page [i], half title; page [ii], publishers' monogram in centre; inserted leaf with steel portrait of FitzGerald on verso; page [iii], title; verso blank; pages [v]–vi, Preface; pages [vii]–xiv, PREFACE TO LETTERS AND LITERARY REMAINS; pages [1]–348, LETTERS OF EDWARD FITZGERALD; page [349], Index; page [350], Printed by R. & R. CLARKE, Edinburgh, in centre of page; two pages of advertisements.

VOL. II: page [i, ii], as in Vol. I; page [iii], blank; page [iv], woodcut of "Little Grange"; page [v], title; verso blank; pages [1]–349, LETTERS OF EDWARD FITZGERALD; page [350], blank; pages [351]–352, INDEX TO LETTERS; pages [353]–368, INDEX.

Bound in smooth red cloth; lettered across back, in gold, at top, LETTERS | OF | EDWARD | FITZGERALD | VOL. I | ; and at bottom, | MACMILLAN & Co.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

LETTERS | OF | EDWARD FITZGERALD | TO | FANNY KEMBLE | 1871-1883 | EDITED BY | WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT

NEW YORK | MACMILLAN AND CO. | AND LON-
DON | 1895 | *All rights reserved.*

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PLANNED, DESIGNED AND SUPERINTENDED

BY WILLIAM PATTEN

PRINTED AT THE DE VINNE PRESS

BEGUN IN JANUARY, 1901

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